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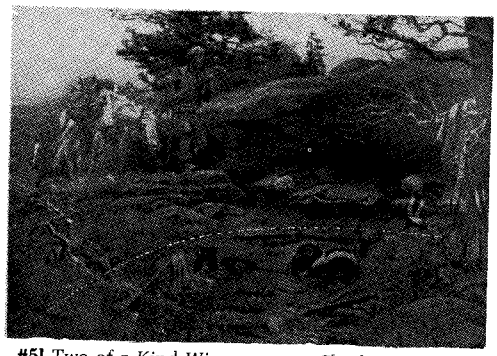

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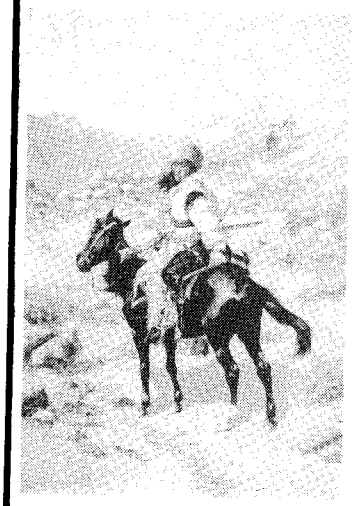

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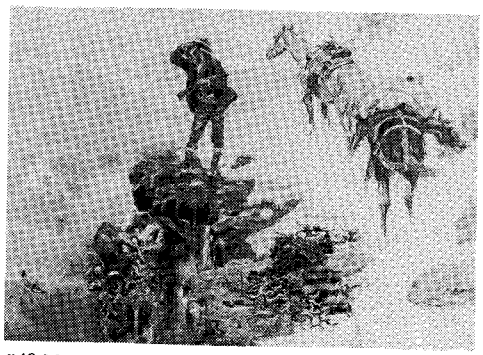

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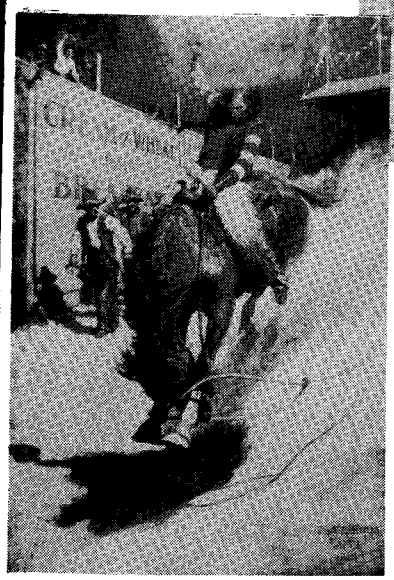

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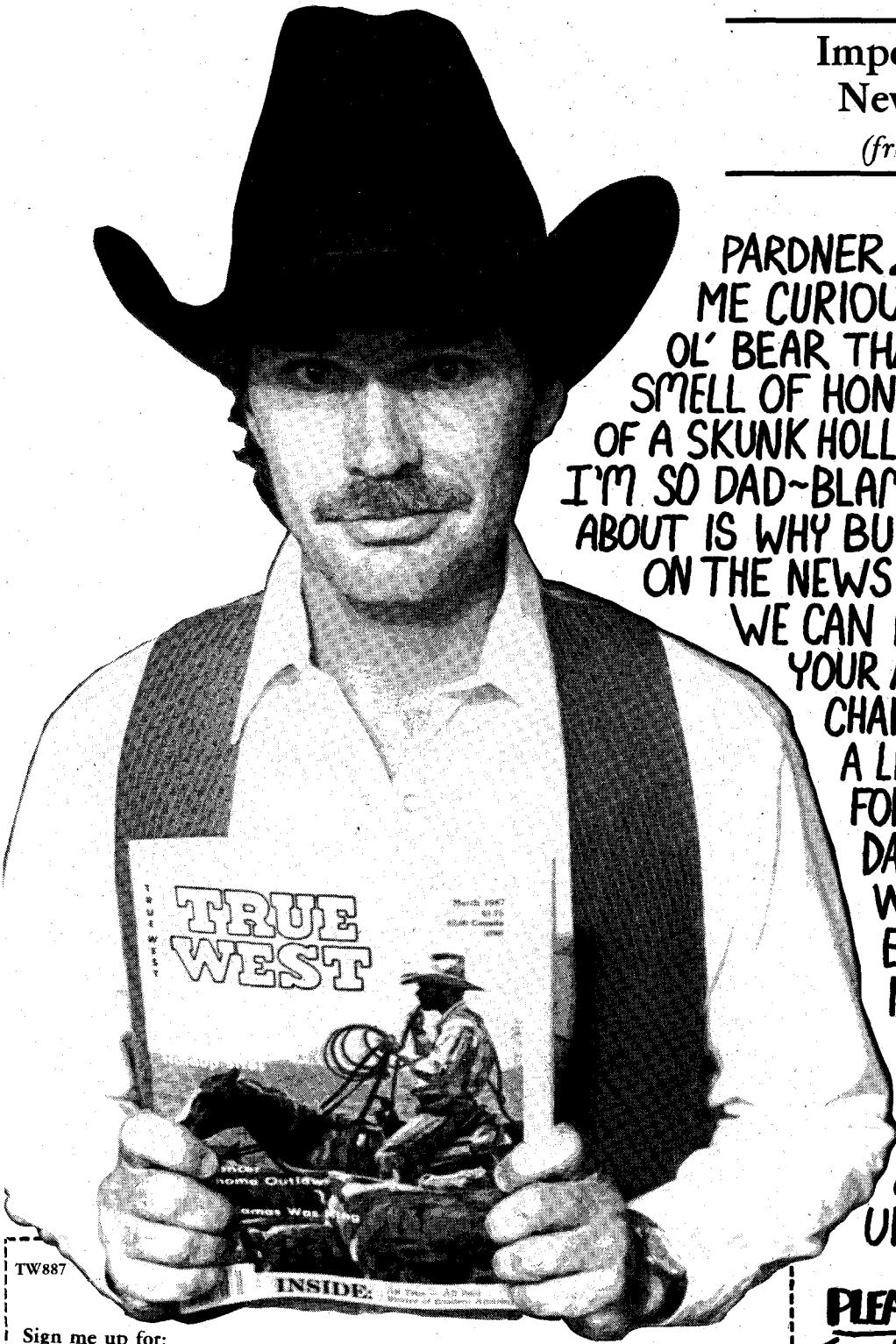

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TRUE WEST

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OUR COVER

The Joseph J. Barton home at the Ranching Heritage Center, Museum of Texas Tech University; Artie Limmer, photographer. Be sure to read about the RHC beginning on page 44.

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From the Editor

Read any good books lately? In my part of the country, August usually is too hot to do much more strenuous exercise than holding a book. I most often like to leave the book talk to the experts who write our book reviews, but I'm in the midst of two nonfiction books about the West that don't quite fit the strictly historical approach of our reviews.

One of them is *Out West: An American Journey*, by Dayton Duncan (Viking, $19.95 clothbound); the other is *CM Russell's West*, photography by Sam Abell with an introduction by Ginger Renner (Thomasson Grant, $38.00 clothbound). In strikingly different ways, both books compare the Old West with the modern West and consider how we got from then to now.

In the summers of 1983 and 1985, Dayton Duncan made two trips following the Lewis and Clark trail from Saint Louis to the Pacific. In the process, he became steeped in the history of the Lewis and Clark expedition and in the history of the people and places along the route. *Out West*, as Duncan describes it, is "the story of three separate journeys: Lewis and Clark's in 1804-1806, mine in 1983 and 1985, and the American West's during the years in between." The three accounts are woven in a single narrative of Duncan's journey, making it—like the trip itself—leisurely paced but always interesting.

Duncan's comparisons of his own voyage of discovery to Lewis and Clark's, coupled with his discussion of the intervening years is insightful, often poignant in its sense of the lost frontier, but ultimately hopeful of what might yet be gained or, perhaps, regained. Duncan has a keen sense of history, a ready wit, and can spin a good yarn. Along the trip, he'll introduce you to some twentieth century Westerners, old-timers and youngsters alike, who bear the indelible stamp of the land and their frontier heritage.

Out West is a travel narrative in the tradition of Twain's *Roughing It* and Steinbeck's *Travels With Charlie*—informal, comfortable, and thoughtful. Duncan points out that he, like Lewis, is "prone to grand theorizing over the slightest information"; Duncan's theorizing, though, is mostly approached with the same wry wit of the best American humorists, and his conclusions are sometimes surprising, always thought-provoking. *Out West* may well be the most important book about the West published this year.

Like *Out West*, *CM Russell's West* juxtaposes the West of the past with the West of the present. Its title may be somewhat misleading, for the book is primarily a collection of recent photos of Montana and Canada. But along with the ninety full-color photographs are sixteen prints of Russell paintings and excerpts from his letters to friends.

In her introduction, Ginger Renner notes that the West Russell was looking for when he went to Montana was already gone by the time he got there. Many of Russell's comments, too, mourn the passing of the West as he knew it. So the material on Russell points up the subtle differences between past and present.

The most striking change from the time of Russell's paintings to the time of Abell's photographs is the omnipresent wristwatch. Watches, black plastic digital jobs and gold ones with hands that go 'round, are everywhere—on cowboys at work and cowboys at play, on Indian women and medicine men. It seems like a minor detail and yet what a difference the watch has made in the way we perceive time and approach life!

Even in the landscape shots, the differences between past and present are as apparent as the similarities. You can't look at them without remarking how the grass has changed or how the forests have "improved" under modern management. The final message, again, is that the West as it was is gone and yet the West remains, unique and forever affecting the way we see ourselves and live our lives. *CM Russell's West* is a beautiful book, painstakingly printed on high-quality paper and meticulously bound.

If you care about the West as it was and how it got to be the way it is, be sure to read *Out West* and *CM Russell's West* this summer. You'll learn something, and it will be a lot more fun than mowing the lawn.

John Joerschke

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Greatest Buffalo H

Since I never spent a night on a ranch or farm, never met a cowboy, and don't know the difference between one breed of cattle and another, I sometimes wonder why I keep on finding your magazines so fascinating. Then along comes an issue like the June TRUE WEST, with its special travel section, and I know once more that I couldn't get along without it.

All our family names are connected with Oklahoma pioneer history: Stratton, Hakins, Patrick, Hoffman, Conklin, Pottenger, Keegan, and Carter. I was born in Shawnee shortly after territorial days, and not too many years after the last buffalo was killed in the Strip. Several families lived at the Sac and Fox Agency, took part in various runs, and lived in the early days in Chandler, Stroud, Guthrie, Cushing, Prague, and Oklahoma City, as well as Shawnee.

In doing research about early Oklahoma history, I've run across a seemingly irrefutable fact that rebuts one of the statements in "Wyoming's Old Trail Town," by Bethene A. Larson. Larson notes that Jim White is known as "the greatest buffalo hunter that ever lived." But on page twenty-eight of his *Bill Tilghman: Marshal of the Last Frontier*, Floyd Miller states that when Tilghman was eighteen he supplied meat for the crews building the new Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad line. In seven months from 1871 to 1872, he shot and delivered 3,000 buffalo, an all-time record surpassing even that of Wild Bill Hickock. Since Miller's book is backed by a bibliography including seventy-seven titles and much of the information came from Tilghman's widow, Zoe Stratton Tilghman, it seems to me that White's record of 1,600 buffalo does not necessarily make him "the greatest that ever lived."

In fairness to Tilghman, though he was a crack marksman and famed lawman, he was widely known as a gentle man who never shot a man in anger

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unter?

or even pointed a gun at one if there were any way it could be avoided. He brought in Bill Doolin single-handed, without gunfire, and that was said to be impossible.—**Virginia Stumbaugh, Boise, ID.**

Harrah Heritage Society

I have been a reader of TRUE WEST for five of six years, and I finally decided to write and tell you that I think you are doing a great job.

I just finished Don Bell's story, "Good Old Days in Oklahoma" in the May issue. As one of the members of the Harrah Heritage Society, I enjoyed it very much, but I was disappointed that he did not say where the picnic was held. I would like to remind Mr. Bell that the town of Harrah is still here and that we are not on U.S. 66 but have always been on U.S. 62.

Please keep up the good work and don't change a thing.—**Sally A. Robertson, Harrah, Oklahoma.**

Death Penalty and Prejudice

R.E. Mather's article, "Cyrus and Nellie and the Vigilantes" (May TRUE WEST) was entertaining and informative. More important, it was relevant. The instances in which a man has been sentenced to death based on prejudice against him rather than the severity of his crime are, unfortunately, not limited to the 1860s.—**J.O. Tallman, Sacramento, CA.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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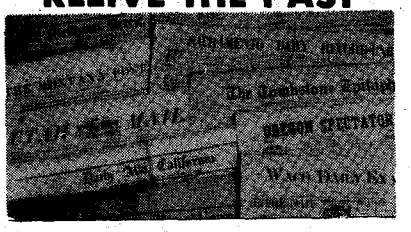

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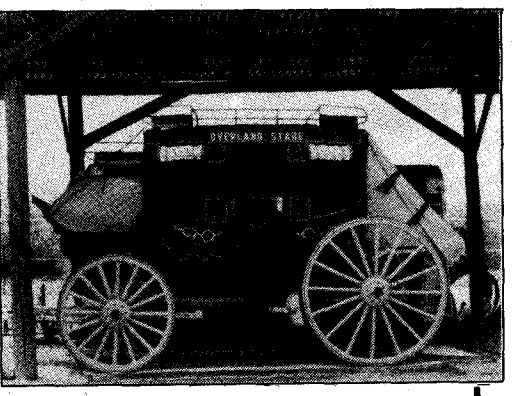

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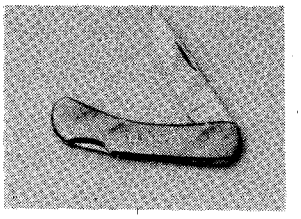

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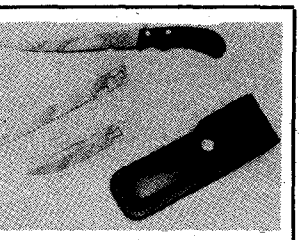

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The growth and prosperity of Kansas City and much of the West can be attributed in part to Majors. He and his freighting firm, Russell, Majors, Waddell, are responsible for establishing Kansas City's commercial destiny. Majors' western freighting operations were instrumental in attracting governmental and private shippers to unload goods at Westport Landing on the Missouri River, giving Kansas City its initial thrust toward prosperity.

Majors' tremendous freighting business was established in the Kansas City stockyards. The expansion of the business in the 1850s and the development of Kansas City and the West is a drama perhaps unparalleled in history.

Majors' house, constructed in 1850 has been preserved and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The beautifully restored house stands with pride on a five-acre park in the heart of Kansas City. The house was restored in 1984. Plaster work of the antebellum era was used, along with the original floors, millwork, and most of the doors. There are forty-three windows, thirty-eight doors, and nine fireplaces. A barn was built on the location of the original foundation, and a smoke house was also reconstructed.

The Alexander Majors House and Park is open 1:00–4:00 p.m., Thursday through Sunday, April through December, except holidays. Admission is two dollars for adults, seventy-five cents for children. For information regarding special group tours, write Director, Alexander Majors Historical Trust, 8201 State Line Road, Kansas City, Missouri, 64114 or telephone (816) 333-5556.

Ely Centennial Celebration

Parades, railroad steam ups, dances, craft shows, fireworks, and horse races are just a few of the ways Ely, Nevada, is celebrating its one hundredth birthday this summer.

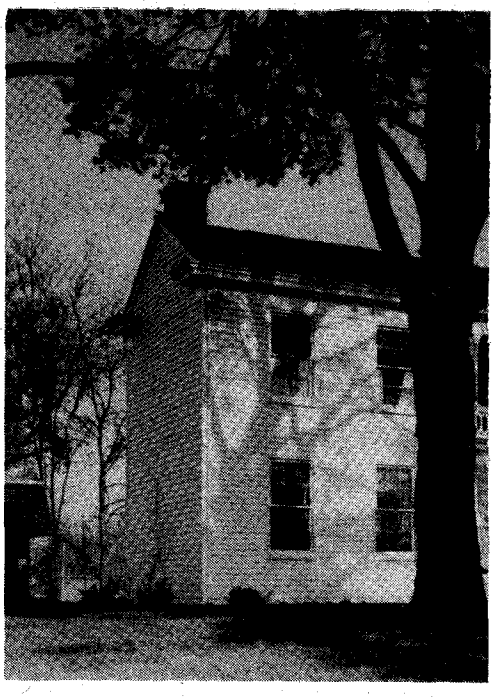
Until the end of August, the eastern Nevada community will be packed with special events and celebrations commemorating its founding in 1887.

"A centennial only comes around once, and we want to make sure it's done right," said Robert Swetich, co-chairman of the Ely Centennial Committee. "This is an opportunity to highlight everything good about Ely and our area."

The festivities began in March with a melodrama about Ely's early mining and railroad days. The main celebrations began on Memorial Day weekend with the Ely Centennial Grand Ball and Railfair '87, including rides on the historic Nevada Northern Railway equipment.

All the events, including a vintage fashion show in June, are leading up to a three-day Centennial weekend on July 31–August 2. The weekend begins with an evening of name entertainment on July 31, followed by a parade, arts and crafts show, ethnic food fair, street dance, fireworks, railroad rides, and horse races the next two days.

Later in August, Ely will participate in the dedication ceremonies for the new Great Basin National Park, located just



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ity's Heritage

east of town. August 22-30, Ely will hold its annual Pony Express Days, which include horse races and parimutuel betting.

"I doubt you'll find any small town in America that can offer the variety and quantity of special events and activities that you'll find in Ely," Swetich said.

For more details contact the White Pine Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 239, 636 Aultman, Ely, NV 89301, (702) 289-8877 or the Nevada Commission on Tourism, State Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV 89710 (702) 885-4322 or 1-800-237-0774.

Nanticoke Indians' Return

With pride in the past, the Nanticoke Downtown Revitalization Committee has announced Saturday and Sunday, August 8 and 9, will mark the first return of the Nanticoke Indians to Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, since 1753.

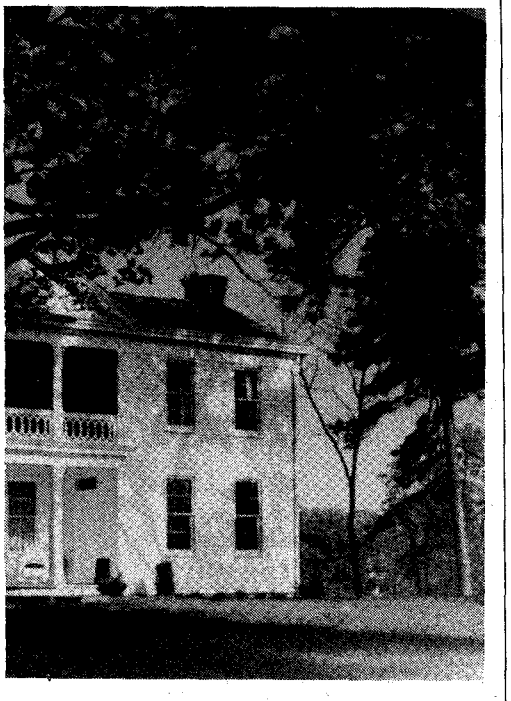
Now residents of Millsboro, Delaware, the Indians will set up a powwow which will feature the Nanticoke dancers, singers, and drummers performing the music and dances of their ancestors. The events display the colorful dance regalia, intricate beadwork, weaving, featherwork, silverwork, quillwork, and carving that American Indians are famous for producing.

Also included at the powwow will be Indian artifacts, displays, and exhibits of Nanticoke Indian history and tribal dances.

The Nanticokes who continue to keep tradition, heritage, and culture, have kept the identity of the Nanticoke Indians alive. Through history, traditions, customs, and arts and crafts, the Indians preserve a unique link to the past which is passed on to the next generation so the talents are never lost.

The Indians will perform at 6:00 p.m. Saturday and 3:00 p.m. Sunday. There is no admission charge. Nanticoke is in Northeastern Pennsylvania, eight miles south of Wilkes-Barre.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.



Register of Historic Places. Other buildings have been reconstructed on the grounds.

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TRUE WEST Aug. 87

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Ned Christie's D

A group of deputy United States marshals who worked out of Judge Isaac Parker's "Hanging Court" in Indian Territory were photographed after managing to kill the notorious I.T. outlaw, Ned Christie. Leif Ernst, an Old West memorabilia collector from Revlingebakken 32, 9000 Aalborg, Denmark, asked for the identities of the men in the photo. From left to right, the well-armed lawmen are Becky Polk, Bill Birkett, Oscar Blackard, Frank Sarber, Vint Gray, Tol Blackard, Mack Peel, Harry Clayless, George Jefferson, and Paden Tolbert.

Christie had been a fugitive for several years when the group caught up with him. He had built his defense in an almost unconquerable fortress, but on November 3, 1892, the marshals finally prevailed. This photograph was taken in front of the steam engine Christie used for cutting logs. Of the several pictures of the men who killed Christie, this one is among the better.

The photo shows only some of the lawmen involved in Christie's death. Note the great variety of weapons, seemingly stuck in every available pocket.

Mr. Ernst also has acquired a previously unpublished tintype of Deputy Marshal Heck Bruner, which I hope to be able to share with you soon.

These heavily armed deputy United States marshals were among the lawmen who killed

Garage Sale Gun. A pistol, holster, and "Railway Express Company" badge recently were acquired at a garage sale by Robert L. Silzle, 2752 Fulton Road, Fulton, CA 95439. The badge is number 53699.

Mr. Silzle writes, "I'd like to know the history of the gun and badge." So far I have not been able to locate any list of the men and their badge numbers, but I am hoping an observant reader can help us out!

The Letter of the Law. An obscure Texas outlaw named William A.J. Posey may have committed suicide by jumping over a cliff, dashing himself against the rocks below. Ernest Lisle Reedstrom, 9907 West 109th Avenue, Cedar Lake, IN 46303, is looking for information on Posey. Reedstrom's name may be familiar, as he has written for TRUE WEST and is the author of *Bugles, Banners and War Bonnets* and the recently published *Historic Dress of the Old West*.

The only information I can offer is the following entry reprinted from the Huntsville *Item* in the Brenham (Texas) *Banner* on March 31, 1876. "Inspector Campbell received a letter from Bill Posey and Lon Phillips, the two convicts who escaped a short time ago, dated at Groesbeck, inquiring whether they far enough away or no!" If the item is true, Posey must have had a sense of humor. Picture him and Phillips sitting at a campfire, wondering if they dare relax since the law may still be in pursuit. They must have joked about getting away from the state pen and wondered if they were far enough away to let down their guard. So they mockingly—and, perhaps, stupidly—wrote the law a letter asking if they were, indeed, far enough away!

Arizona Rangers. "Please send any information you can about the Arizona

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eath

the notorious Ned Christie.

Rangers, pictures of Captain Rynning, and the other captains." That request comes from J. Brookfield, Box 424, Jasper, TX 75951.

Two books essential to reading up on the Arizona Rangers are *Gun Notches: The Life Story of A Cowboy-Soldier*, by Captain Thomas H. Rynning, 1931, and *The Arizona Rangers*, edited by Joseph Miller, 1972. The former is the autobiography of the ranger's second captain; the latter, basically collected newspaper accounts of the rangers' exploits. Both books include photos of the captains and related subjects.

Burton C. Mossman was the first captain, serving from August 1, 1901 to August 31, 1902. Rynning served from September 1, 1902 to March 20, 1907. Henry C. Wheeler, the third and last captain, served from March 21, 1907 to February 15, 1909. The total number of men who served in the organization was 104.

Tall Talkin' Talt Hall. Some time back Roy O'Dell, 12 Highdene Road, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge, England CB1 4YD, asked me if I knew anything about an outlaw named Talt Hall. I recently found a newspaper article about Hall's execution.

Hall was a Virginia desperado who was hanged on September 2, 1892, in Wise Courthouse, West Virginia. It was rumored, or possibly he idly boasted, that he had killed ninety-nine men. If that were true, Hall was one of the most murderous outlaws in U.S. history.

Hall was executed for the wanton killing of Marshal Hylton, of Norton, Virginia, in June 1891. The following December he was arrested for a trifling offense in Memphis, Tennessee. Authorities recognized him and he was taken to Virginia for his trial, which began in January 1892. He was found guilty of murder and sentenced to hang.

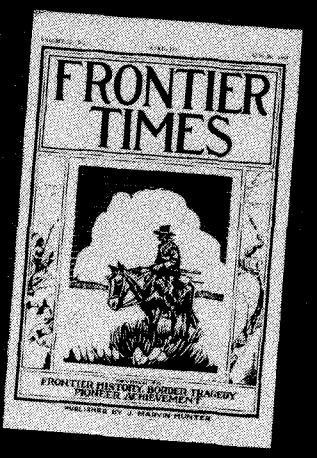
Hall's career of crime started early: he killed his first man at age thirteen. He was involved in feuds with Turners, Howards, and Eversoles. Supposedly, he killed Milton Turner and nine of his group. He killed a cousin, W.J.M. Hall; he killed a one-time friend, Clay Jones.

Hall boasted of being a U.S. marshal from 1880 to 1884, during which time he killed a score of moonshiners. He later killed two Triplett boys, who were brothers of his wife. For a while he ran with the Jim Wright gang, killing a Richard Vance and three others. He killed a John Adams and finally murdered his first wife's first husband. Exactly how much of that is true is hard to determine at this point.

Mr. O'Dell also asked about a character nicknamed "Shoot-'em-up Bill," who was arrested near Globe, Arizona, in 1882. I have found nothing on that character yet.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

YESTERDAY . . .



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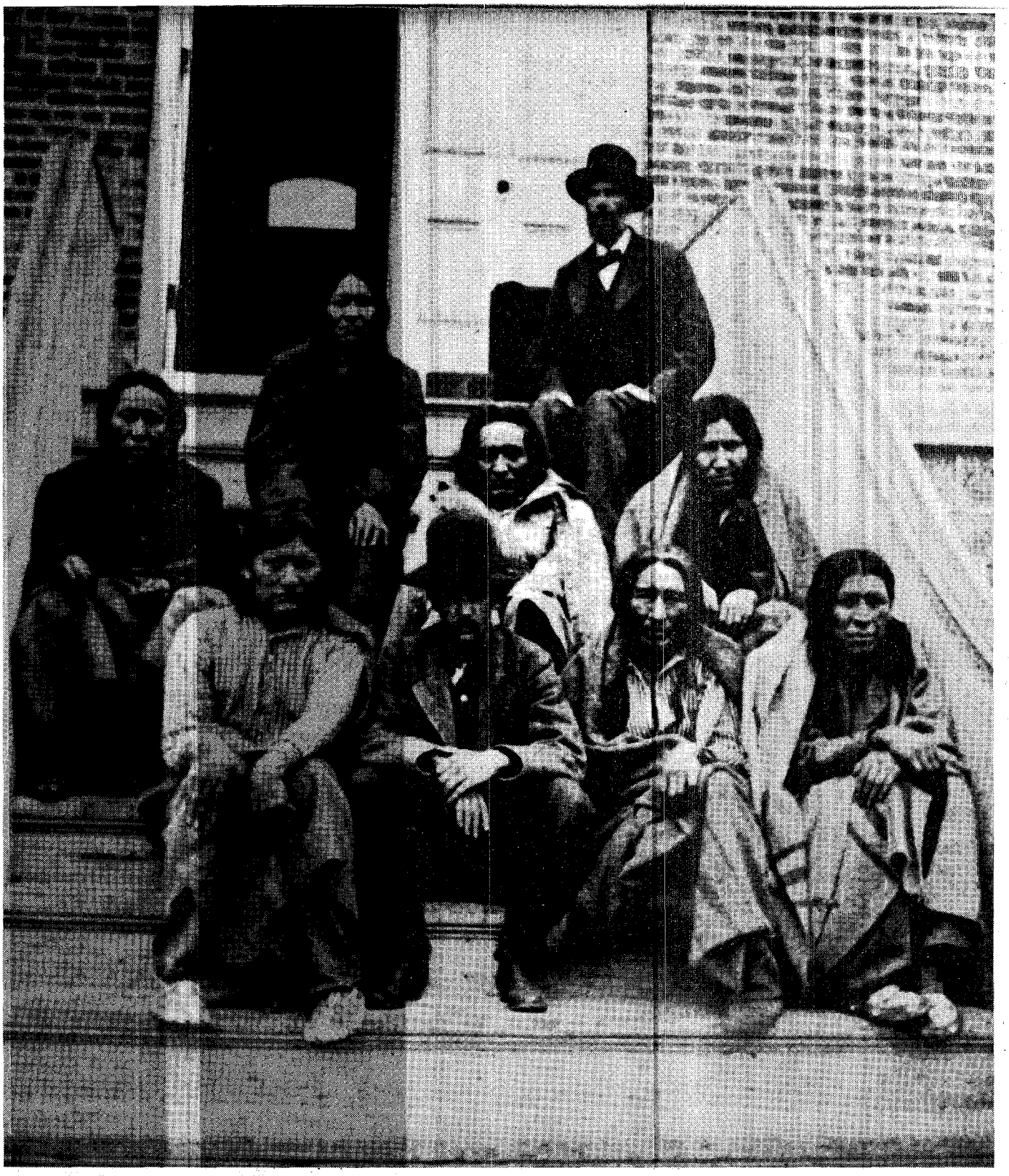

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Cheyenne prisoners on the steps of the Ford County Courthouse, April 30, 1879. First row, left to right: Wild Hog, interpreter George Reynolds, Noisy Walker, and Blacksmith; second row: Tangle Hair, Left Hand, Old Crow, and Porcupine. The white man at rear is Franklin G. Adams, secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society.

By GARY L. ROBERTS

Cheyennes on

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Curious people lined the streets near Union Depot in Leavenworth, Kansas, on the morning of February 15, 1879, hoping to catch a glimpse of the celebrated Cheyenne prisoners that the army would turn over to civilian authorities that day. Near ten o'clock, a detail of government ambulances pulled up at the corner of Cherokee and Front streets, and blue-coated soldiers deployed into a line. Seven men, one of them leaning heavily on a board for support, stepped down from one of the wagons and moved toward the little group of dignitaries on the station platform. The crowd surged forward to get a better look at the "dusky demons," as the prisoners were styled in the press, and the troops had to brace themselves to hold the people back.

Lieutenant Julius H. Pardee of the Twenty-third Infantry moved briskly past the gawking spectators, saluted P. S. Noble, the adjutant general of Kansas, and accepted the warrants proffered to him. He examined the papers quickly, declared them to be in order, and formally transferred the prisoners to his custody. In turn, Noble surrendered the prisoners to Bat Masterson, the young sheriff of Ford County. Masterson and a small posse of men from Dodge City quickly ushered the seven prisoners into the depot to await the train for Topeka. For a moment, the crowd seemed threatening, but once the prisoners were inside the station the danger of trouble passed. Now Masterson got his first real look at the prisoners.

Sitting on a bench together, they seemed more pathetic than dangerous. Wild Hog, the acknowledged leader, moved only with great pain. He was still recovering from an attempted suicide, and he ignored the reporters who tried to talk to him. Old Crow, who had served as a scout for the army in 1877, spoke freely to everyone and quickly won their sympathy for being somehow different from the rest. Tangle Hair, also called Big Head, and Noisy Walker, the oldest of the prisoners, both limped badly from leg wounds. Porcupine carried his arm in a sling to protect a wounded hand. They all sat with the others, Left Hand and Blacksmith, downcast, sullen, and defeated, yet somehow still defiant and fearless.

They were the survivors, the pound of flesh that the state of Kansas had demanded for alleged atrocities committed the previous autumn when the people of Little Wolf and Morning Star (called Dull Knife by the whites) passed through western Kansas on their flight north from the Indian Territory. They were in Masterson's custody to stand trial for the murder of a mail carrier named Washington O'Connor, one of forty settlers killed in the Dull Knife Raid, as the episode was called in the newspapers. The case would be watched closely throughout Kansas. If need be cases could be filed in a half dozen other counties to make sure that someone paid for the crimes against Kansans committed by the Cheyennes in the fall.

Still, neither Sheriff Masterson nor anyone else could be sure that any of the prisoners were responsible for the murders. The army had surrendered "all that is left of the Cheyenne raiders," as Governor John P. St. John had phrased the matter in a letter to Michael W. Sutton, the Ford County Attorney. The truth of the matter was that no one could make positive identifications. Too, the circumstances of the raid, once known, made many people in the country—and even some in Kansas—sympathetic toward the Cheyennes.

That night the Cheyennes in the barracks broke out of their freezing prison. They had only a few arms secreted by the women in their clothing when they first surrendered, but they caught the guards by surprise. Men, women, and children plunged through the broken windows and fled into the darkness.

They were a remnant of the Northern Cheyennes who had been forced to emigrate to the Indian Territory in 1877 following the great Sioux war of 1876. Used to the lush green country of Montana, they found conditions in the south intolerable. In September, Little Wolf, the head chief of the northern people and their greatest warrior, told the white officials on the reservation that they intended to go home. In the pre-dawn hours of September 10, 1878, nearly 350 people slipped away from the agency, a desperate band of men, women, and children moving north into country rapidly filling up with settlers.

Their attempt to escape seemed futile. The countryside was too densely populated. Too many troops were in the field against them. The distance was too great. The Cheyennes had too few supplies. But Little Wolf's people pushed on, obsessed by the thought of returning home.

The Cheyennes always maintained that they tried to avoid the settlers. Perhaps they did. But collisions were inevitable. Needing horses and supplies, the Cheyennes raided farms and killed settlers in Comanche, Barber, Ford, and Gove counties, among others. The greatest toll was taken in Decatur and Rawlins counties, where the Cheyennes killed twenty-eight Kansans in two days before they crossed into Nebraska.

Unlike the incidents in southern Kansas, which seemed unplanned and incidental—the kind of episodes almost certain to happen in the admixture of Indian

Trial

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desperation and white fears—the murders in northern Kansas seemed deliberate and calculated. No one ever explained satisfactorily what happened there, but those raids changed the attitudes of many of their pursuers. A young lieutenant named C. D. Cowles recalled later that the sympathies of the troops were with the Cheyennes, "but when we reached their trail of murder, rapine and desolation our blood rose against them."

Once in Nebraska, the Cheyennes came to a parting of the ways. Morning Star, believing that the people would be allowed to settle on the Pine Ridge Reservation with their Sioux friends, wished to surrender. Little Wolf favored pushing on to the Yellowstone. When they had talked, Little Wolf moved on with those who chose to follow him—forty men, forty-seven women, and thirty-nine children. They eventually reached Montana. The rest—149 people in all—surrendered to a cavalry patrol on Chadron Creek near Fort Robinson, Nebraska, on October 23, 1878.

For a time, Morning Star's followers remained at Fort Robinson, content to be at peace again but determined not to go back south. While they waited, government officials debated their fate. On November 11, George T. Anthony, the outgoing governor of Kansas, formally demanded that "the principal chiefs, Dull Knife, Old Crow, Little Wolf, and others whose identity can be established as participants in the crime of murder and woman-ravishing" should be turned over to Kansas for trial in the civil courts. A Kansas congressman stood ready to introduce legislation to force the issue. In Washington, the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of War agreed. They ordered the "criminals" to be identified and the rest of the Cheyennes to be sent back to the reservation in the south.

On January 3, 1879, the commanding officer at Fort Robinson told the Cheyennes that they would be transported back to their agency in the Indian Territory. Morning Star quietly told him that his people would not go, that they would die rather than go. To force compliance, the commander ordered them locked in a barracks with no food, water, or fuel. The Cheyennes refused to yield, and on January 9, 1879, the soldiers took Wild Hog—an Elk Society chief and spokesman for the fighting men after Little Wolf left—Old Crow, and Strong Left Hand out of the barracks and incarcerated them in another building. Later the same day the soldiers took their families from the barracks and moved them as well.

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Cheyenne survivors at Lawrence, Kansas, in October 1879. Bottom, left to right: Old Crow's son and Wild Hog's daughter; middle: Porcupine, Old Crow's wife, Old Crow, and Wild Hog; top: Old Crow's daughter, Noisy Walker, Left Hand, unidentified, Blacksmith, Tangle Hair, and Wild Hog's daughter.

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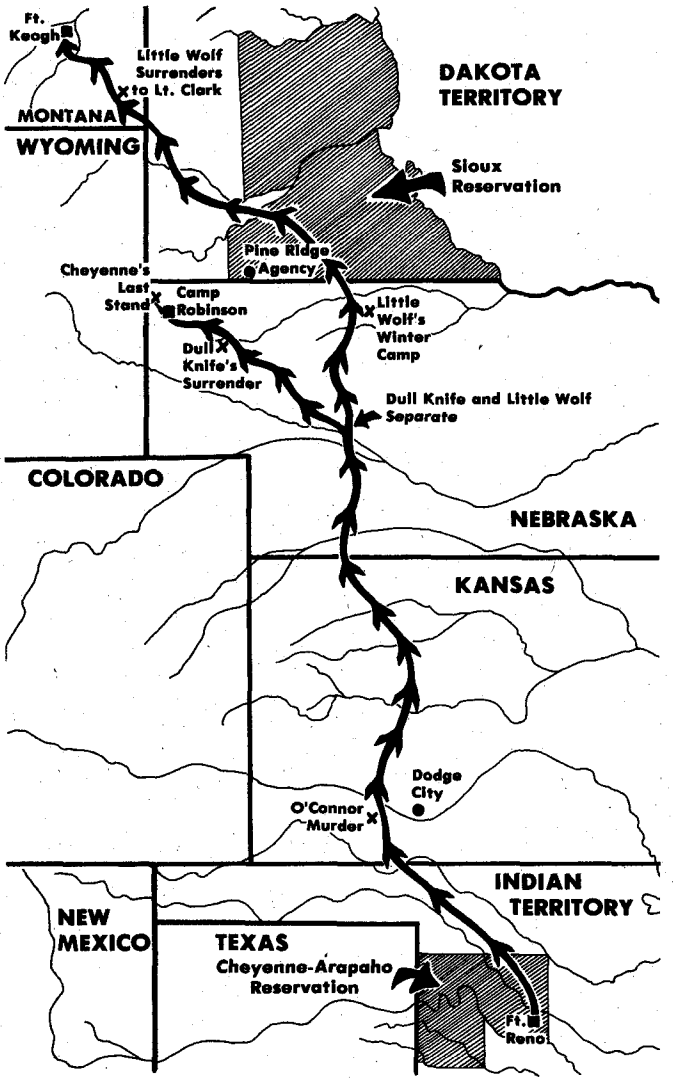
That night the Cheyennes in the barracks broke out of their freezing prison. They had only a few arms secreted by the women in their clothing when they first surrendered, but they caught the guards by surprise. Men, women, and children plunged through the broken windows and fled into the darkness. Thirty-two died within sight of the post grounds as the troops opened fire. For thirteen days, elements of the Third Cavalry pursued the rest, picking them off one by one or in small groups until the last party of thirty-two people was cornered in a wash on Hat Creek. The Cheyennes would not surrender even then. For more than an hour the battle raged before three Cheyenne men emerged from the wash singing their death songs. Armed with an empty pistol and two butcher knives, they charged the troops and died in a burst of gunfire. Only six of the Cheyennes survived the carnage on Hat Creek.

Nearly half of Morning Star's people—sixty-four men, women, and children—were dead. A few, including Morning Star and his family, managed to escape. Most of them took refuge among the Sioux at Pine Ridge. The other survivors were returned to Fort Robinson—seventy-nine people in all when added to those incarcerated with Wild Hog, Old Crow, and Left Hand. Of those, only ten were men or well-grown boys. Fifty-eight of the survivors were eventually permitted to go to the Pine Ridge Reservation. The rest, Wild Hog, Old Crow, Tangle Hair, Left Hand, Porcupine, Blacksmith, Noisy Walker, and their families were held at Robinson.

ON JANUARY 25, 1879, a military investigation convened at Fort Robinson. The Cheyenne survivors appeared before the commission during the first two days. Tangle Hair, a Dog Soldier chief who had fought the whites many times over the years, told the commission that the soldiers had killed most of his people. "These few women and children are all that are left," he said. "We beg you to have mercy on us and spare this remnant." On January 27, the day after the majority of the prisoners left for Pine Ridge, Wild Hog's wife stabbed herself with half of a pair of scissors. Carrying her back to her quarters, the soldiers found that Wild Hog had stabbed himself several times with the other half of the shears. Neither of them died.

On the morning of February 4, 1879, the twenty-one remaining Cheyennes, including Wild Hog and his wife, left Fort Robinson for Sydney, Nebraska. There, on February 9, 1879, they boarded a train under heavy military guard. The women and children were en route to the Cheyenne and Arapaho Agency at Darlington in the Indian Territory. The seven men were bound for Fort Leavenworth and a rendezvous with Bat Masterson.

The Cheyennes had already paid a terrible price for their actions, and sympathy for them was growing even in official circles. On February 5, Major General John Pope, commanding the Department of the Missouri, wrote an appeal to Governor St. John: "In consideration of the terrible suffering and tragic fate



of nearly this entire band of Indians, I most respectfully suggest to you that the ends of justice have probably been reached in this case and that no further punishment to the feeble remnant of the band would appear to promise any results not already secured." Two days later, the military commission at Fort Robinson presented its findings, blaming the murders on warriors with Little Wolf and recommending "that no further action . . . be taken." By then, however, seven prisoners were already en route to Kansas, and St. John found it politically inexpedient to challenge public opinion in Kansas, where feelings still ran high.

The legal wrangling that led to the actual transfer began on January 15, when County Attorney Mike Sutton of Dodge City wrote St. John, enclosing warrants in the case of "the State of Kansas, Plaintiff, versus Dull Knife and one hundred and fifty Cheyenne male Indians, commonly known as Warriors, whose names are each unknown and cannot be given," for the murder of Washington O'Connor. That astonishing arrest warrant formed the legal basis of the case against the Cheyennes. St. John promised Sutton the only Cheyennes he could deliver and asked him to provide witnesses to help identify those guilty of crimes. Shortly thereafter, Sheriff Masterson, his deputies Jim Masterson (Bat's brother) and Charles Bassett, and

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Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Despite the military commission's recommendations, Governor John P. St. John allowed proceedings against the Cheyennes to continue.

witnesses Major A. J. French and "Kokomo" Sullivan left for Topeka and for Leavenworth after a meeting with the governor.

Now Sheriff Masterson had custody of the Cheyennes. At 10:40 a.m., the Dodge City delegation and the prisoners boarded the train and left for Topeka. At every stop along the way crowds of angry citizens greeted the train. According to the *Ford County Globe* the sheriff had to "use physical means in preventing his pets from being trampled on." At Lawrence, Masterson had an especially difficult time. In his zeal to protect his prisoners, he struck one of the local citizens, who turned out to be the town marshal. Masterson found himself arrested for striking a peace officer, but as the Topeka *Commonwealth* reported, "Explanations followed, and matters rightened."

The sheriff and his prisoners reached Dodge City at five o'clock in the morning on Monday, February 17. In the walk from the train station to the jail, one of the prisoners, probably Wild Hog, collapsed. Someone found a wheelbarrow and unceremoniously delivered him to the waiting cell with the others. Masterson apparently treated his prisoners well, and they appeared grateful for his efforts on their behalf as they settled down for what turned out to be a lengthy stay in Dodge City.

Two days after their arrival, the Cheyennes had their first day in court, appearing at a preliminary hearing. County Attorney Sutton was the prosecutor, and M. W. Gryden, a local attorney, appeared for the defense. The session was brief and portended the future. Gryden wanted various army officers and civilian agents who knew the Cheyennes as witnesses, and Sutton also claimed that his witnesses were scattered. Accordingly, Gryden waived further proceedings until the district court convened.

For the next four months, the Cheyennes remained in the Ford County jail. Occasionally, they were allowed to walk outside. Once the Dodge City *Times* reported that they were taken to the Arkansas River for a bath where "they disported in that limpid stream with aquatic fervour." They were treated well enough during those long weeks of spring to irritate many Kansans. Reporters visited them regularly, and Masterson told Adjutant General Noble that they were "all well and in good spirits but want their Squaws and papooses, which I am in hopes they may get."

THE FORMAL indictment for the murder of Washington O'Connor did not come until June. On June 25, 1879, the seven Cheyennes appeared in district court before Judge Samuel R. Peters. J.G. Mohler, an attorney from Salina, offered his services as defense counsel without charge. He replaced Gryden as defense attorney and immediately applied for a change of venue, charging that Peters was prejudiced against the defendants. Peters, apparently glad to be rid of a troublesome case, granted the request. Two days later Sheriff Masterson and a posse of five men left Dodge to escort the prisoners to Lawrence, where they would stand trial in the Douglas County courts.

The change of venue was met with angry editorials in western Kansas. The *Ford County Globe* said flatly that "all hope of conviction is lost," and an irate citizen wrote the Atchison *Daily Champion* that the decision made the case "hopeless." The simple truth was that the State of Kansas did not have a case, and the court officials knew it. Mohler was busy issuing subpoenas to everybody who had responsibility for the Cheyennes, from Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz and General John Pope on down to local agents, interpreters, and junior officers. Sutton was having an even worse time just locating witnesses who, he complained, were scattered all over the country.

Shortly after the prisoners were transferred to Douglas County, charges against Old Crow were dropped, and he returned to the agency in the Indian Territory. On August 12, four members of a United States Senate investigating committee arrived in Lawrence and questioned Wild Hog and Tangle Hair before proceeding to Fort Reno in the Indian Territory to continue their investigation into the removal of the Northern Cheyennes to the Indian Territory.

The delays worked to the advantage of the Cheyennes. Wild Hog warmed to the press and gave frequent interviews which won many friends for the Cheyennes' cause. The dignity and bearing of all of the prisoners had a strong impact on public opinion. A few days before the trial was to begin, a party arrived in

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Lawrence from the agency in the Indian Territory. Ben Clark, the interpreters for the Indian Bureau, and Dr. Lawrence Lodge came as witnesses. With them were Old Crow, his wife, his son, and his daughter, and the wife of Wild Hog and two of his daughters.

The trial date was set for October 13, 1879. By then the outcome was no longer in doubt. Mike Sutton advised the attorney general of Kansas in September that a conviction was impossible and that the only thing left to do was to file a nolle prosequi in the case. At that point, he gave up all interest in the case. He turned his energies entirely to romance. He was married on October 1, and did not bother to show up when the trial began. That left the court without a prosecutor and absolutely stalled the proceedings until Abraham B. Jetmore, a Topeka attorney, arrived and announced that he had been sent to speak for the state. He asked for a continuance. Mohler protested that the defense was ready for trial and objected to a continuance, pointing out that the defendants had already been in jail for months and questioning whether the prosecution would be ready to proceed in a reasonable time. When the prosecution could not give assurances that they would be ready within a reasonable time, Judge N. T. Stephens denied the motion for a continuance. Jetmore promptly filed a nolle prosequi and Judge Stephens dismissed the defendants. The farce was over.

JOHN D. MILES, the Indian agent from Darlington, took the defendants in tow and returned with them to the agency in the south where their tragedy had begun. But official wheels were turning. The Senate investigating committee submitted its report in June 1880, recognizing the mistake that had been made in removing the Cheyennes south and recommending that a Cheyenne reservation be established in Montana and that at least some of the Northern Cheyennes still in Indian Territory be allowed to move north. In 1881, the band of Little Chief was allowed to settle at Pine Ridge, and two years later Standing Elk's band also moved to Pine Ridge. Tangle Hair, Old Crow, Wild Hog, and the others returned north with these bands. Little Wolf's people had been allowed to stay in Montana and, eventually, all of the Northern Cheyennes were reunited in the Tongue River reservation where their descendants live to this day.

The case against Wild Hog and the others had been a travesty from the beginning. Yet even in the charade justice ultimately was served. When the seven survivors of the Fort Robinson disaster were sent to Kansas, many Kansans expected a speedy trial and prompt executions or lengthy prison terms. But the Cheyennes did not get a "kangaroo court." They had counsel, due process, and full opportunity to secure the witnesses they needed for a proper defense. The case fell apart simply because it was never a real case capable of prosecution. Many Kansans were not pleased at the outcome—especially in Ford County, which had to bear the full cost of the prosecution—but the Kansas papers said little. The nolle prosequi did not preclude further action against the Cheyennes, but no cases were ever filed. Kansans understood that the case had been an emotional response to the tragedy of 1878. When the facts were known they realized how great a price the Cheyennes had paid. For most, it was enough.

Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln

Wild Hog's frequent interviews with the press helped sway public opinion in the Cheyennes' favor.

SOURCES

Primary sources for this article include the case file of documents in the case of *The State of Kansas v. Wild Hog, et al.* at the Douglas County courthouse in Lawrence, Kansas; the proceedings of the board of officers convened at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, on the outbreak there in the Special Files of Record Group 393, United States Army Commands, National Archives and Records Service; the Little Wolf Papers, NARS RG 393; *Senate Report No. 708*, 46th Cong. 2nd Sess, *The Removal of the Northern Cheyenne Indians* (Washington, 1880), the records of the governor, adjutant general, and attorney general of Kansas at the Kansas State Historical Society; and newspaper materials from the Atchison *Daily Champion*, the Dodge City *Times*, the *Ford County Globe*, the Lawrence *Standard*, the Leavenworth *Times*, and the Topeka *Commonwealth*. The most detailed account of the trial is Barry C. Johnson's "Cheyenne's in Court: An Aftermath of the Dull Knife Outbreak of 1878," *The English Westerners Brand Book*, 4 (July-October, 1962. Especially useful secondary sources were Peter John Powell's two-volume *People of the Sacred Mountain* (1983) and Ramon S. Powers' master's thesis, *The Dull Knife Raid of 1878: A Study of the Frontier.*

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Arizona Fleet

By PAUL TAYLOR

The Colorado River wound through 400 miles of howling wilderness. The idea of steamboat traffic on such a temperamental stream whose main channel was constantly shifting seemed almost laughable. And yet it happened. Before railroads came to the Southwest, the military and early settlers of the new frontier were supplied by a sea route from San Francisco through the mouth of the Colorado to ports as far away as the Utah line.

It is no exaggeration to say that steamboating on the Colorado was a unique experience. The nature of the stream, the adaptive design of the river craft, and the adventuresome men who operated them combined to create a kind of transportation unlike any other in the annals of the nation. It was said that a good Colorado steamboat captain could make "six knots upstream on a heavy dew."

The men who skippered the paddle wheels were resourceful, courageous, unflappable, and indomitable souls. They were a breed apart, at home on water that contained almost as much red silt as moisture. Men like Jack Mellon, Isaac Polhamus, and George Johnson spent the full span of their productive years on the river. Legend has it that Captain Mellon was capable of digging up a 300-pound anchor buried in the mudflat and carrying it single-handedly back to his ship.

One day was never like another. Each predicament called for a new solution. The risks were enormous, the hardships were unbelievable, and the rewards were, relatively speaking, minimal.

Even for the best of captains, navigation of the river was difficult in the clear atmosphere and bright sun of day. It was impossible at night, and the boats always tied up at the bank during the hours of darkness. Casting off as soon as he could see, the captain spent half his time aground, working his boat around, over, or through the inevitable sandbars, and the other half trying to keep moving in the center of the elusive channel.

Captain Jack Mellon described two of the standard river navigation techniques as "grasshoppering" and "crawfishing." When his boat went hard aground on a sandbar, as it was destined repeatedly to do, the captain followed one of two procedures. In one, an anchor was walked out or lines were made fast to tree trunks on the banks; then the deck winch was used to pull the boat over the bar. That was grasshoppering. If the occasion called for the other technique, the captain backed his boat into the sandbar with paddle wheel churning and chopped his way through it. That was crawfishing. The novelty of the technique impressed the passengers no end. "It is pure Yankee!" one Swiss traveler exclaimed.

Such incidents provided the only excitement to relieve the monotony of the trip, but even running aground soon became much more aggravating than exciting as it happened again and again.

A feeling of oppression and despair often gripped the passengers unable to escape the fine grit and sand which found its way into every crevice of the boat, every piece of bedding, every bite of food, and every breath of air. The accompanying wind might be so strong that the captain, unable to hold the steamer in the channel, had to tie up to the bank until the storm abated.

On a river as shallow and unpredictable as the Colorado, the captains had to be resourceful in dealing with unprecedented and unexpected situations. During the summer runoffs the river became a raging flood and the captains' problems multiplied. In the winter there

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Captain Isaac Polhamus, seated at right outside a steamboat office in 1870s, launched his Arizona career in 1856.

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The *Searchlight*, the last steamboat on the Colorado, was reported "lost on the river" October 3, 1916.

were piercing winds and freezing temperatures. Captain Isaac Polhamus wrote in his log on Christmas Day 1879, "It blew North West Gale and very cold . . . froze all day in the shade. Pipes all frozen last night . . . have been repairing pipes all day today. River this morning full of floating ice."

Steamers left Arizona City (renamed Yuma in February 1873) every few days for the upriver landings, usually towing a bargeload of freight and booked up with passengers. The deck fare was about two-thirds the price of a cabin. Deck passengers were given meals, mattress and straw pillow for bedding. The cabins offered privacy and shelter from occasional rain but little else.

Cabin passengers did have the honor of eating at the captain's table. But the food generally was as spartan as the accommodations. Though passengers were occasionally treated to fresh meat and vegetables, dinner most often consisted of butterless biscuits, salt-boiled beef or pork, and "Arizona strawberries"—dry beans.

The river water used for drinking had to stand for several days to settle out the fine silt, after which it was put in porous canteens, hung over the deck railing, and cooled a bit by evaporation. The traveler who wanted anything else to drink had to bring it with him.

The insects were large and voracious, and most of the passengers sweltered in their cabins at night. The only crew member who was obliged to stay out was the night watchman. According to the "Yuma Sentinel," he had to take extraordinary precautions. "He wore close-fitting canvas trousers and jacket, fisherman's boots, a wire helmet and mazque [sic] covered with fine gauze gauntlets. In the sole of each boot was a hole plugged with a cork. When the inside man felt that his boots were about full of perspiration, he pulled the corks."

A feeling of oppression and despair often gripped the passengers unable to escape the fine grit and sand which found its way into every crevice of the boat, every piece of bedding, every bite of food, and every breath of air.

A single privy, located at the rear of the boat next to the paddle wheel, ac-

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commodated the crew and passengers. To get to it, one had to walk the length of a deck covered with galvanized iron which absorbed the heat and burned through the thin soles of ladies' shoes.

The steamboat captains earned $200 a month. Crews consisted of an engineer, who also drew from $160 to $200 a month, and a first mate, a fireman and a cook, each of whom made $75. An assistant fireman earned $40, a steward was paid $25. Yankee deckhands got $35 a month, Sonorans and Kanakas $25. Cocopah, Yuma, and Mojave Indians were paid $15 a month. The barges also had a captain, or steerer, who drew $75 a month, and two deckhands. All hands received board.

As early as 1894, press agents were ballyhooing the resources and scenic beauty of the Colorado. One excursion boat announcement proclaimed,

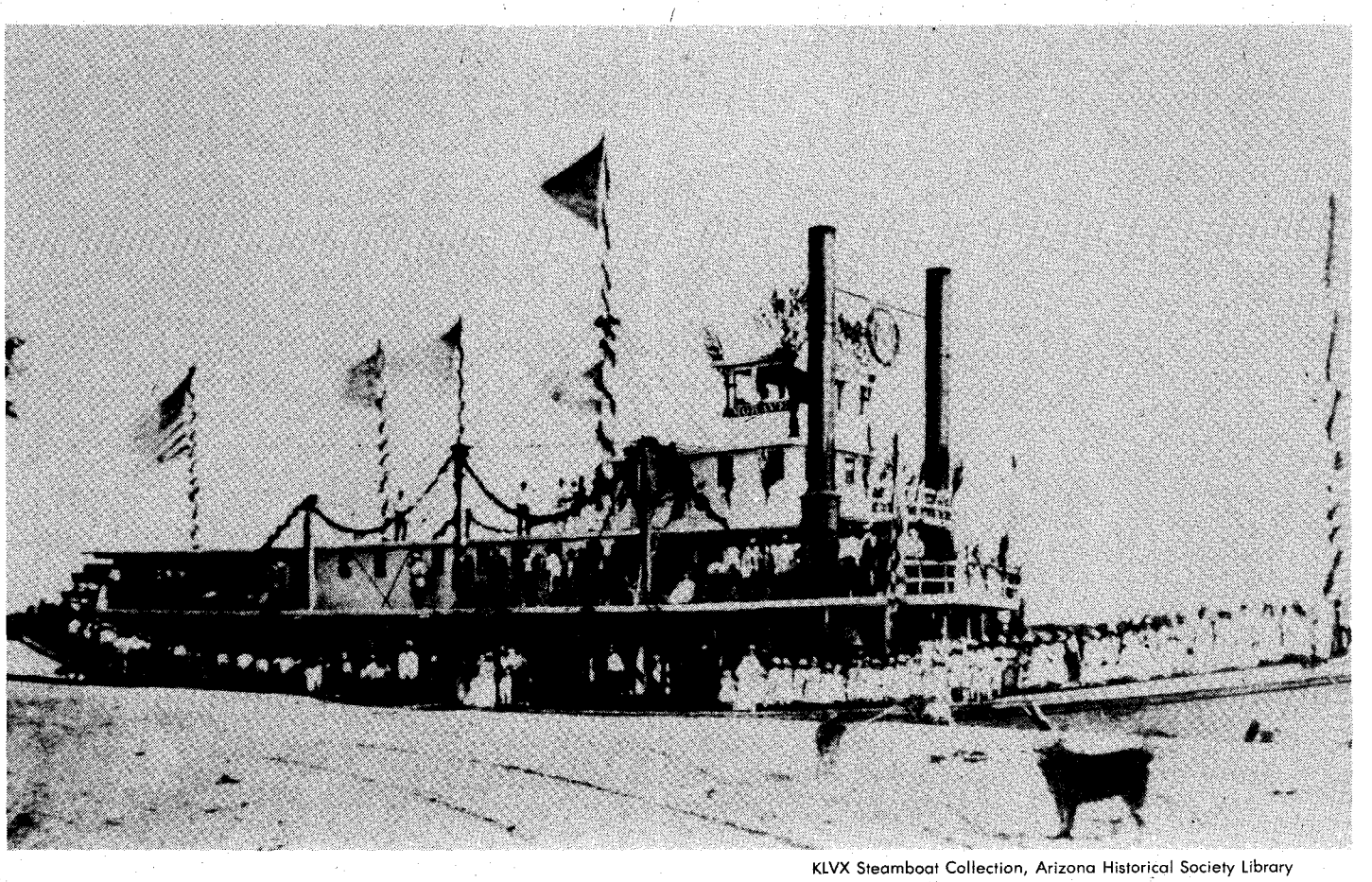
> The foremost object of this excursion is to show the possibilities of mining and agriculture of the country through which it will extend. But it will have other attractions as well. With none of the hazardous hardships and privations of roughing it, in saddle or on foot, the trip will be through the heart of the most weird and awesome scenery on earth, nowhere else to be seen except in the abysmal chasms and gorges of the Colorado River . . . The trip is full of thrilling interest. At times the view will be unobstructed on either side for miles . . . Again the gritty little craft will be puffing and wheezing through narrow gorges with walls so high and abrupt as to almost obscure the light of day . . . In four places along the route the rapids are so heavy and fierce that, but for the aid of a sturdy shore line, they would be quite impassable. Ringbolts have been securely fastened into the walls of the canyon, and a cable suspended therefrom to a steam capstan in the bow of the boat is the tedious but certain means of locomotion.

Some 125 miles and three or more days above Yuma the steamer reached Ehrenberg, the second largest town on the river and the shipping point for central Arizona. Most of the upriver freight was landed there, and most of the passengers disembarked to take stagecoaches to the interior.

To an eastern lady who had to live in Ehrenberg, the town seemed "an unfriendly, dirty, heaven-forsaken place." But to the thirsty steamboat passenger it offered the first chance in days to drink something other than tepid river water. It is said that much of the something else was drunk there.

A couple of days above Ehrenberg, the steamer came to the mouth of Bill Williams' Fork. Though the fork was dry most of the year, it was,

With the coming of the railroad, the steamboat companies immediately lost over half of their income. The river towns were hard hit by the loss of trade. The population of Yuma fell from 1,500 to 500, and every line of business stagnated.



KLVX Steamboat Collection, Arizona Historical Society Library

The *Mojave II* was the largest steamboat and the only double stacker ever to run on the Colorado. This photo was taken at a May Day school picnic in 1876.

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nonetheless, the only significant tributary of the Colorado between the Gila and Virgin rivers. At the junction was Aubrey Landing, named for the so-called "Skimmer of the Plains," Francois Xavier Aubrey, who had crossed the river at that point in 1853.

At the peak of the river rush in the mid-1860s, Aubrey City had boasted some fifty cabins and stores, but it was virtually abandoned with the first collapse of copper prices in 1865. A decade later only four or five cabins remained, the largest of which served as a combination post office, store, saloon, and hotel. An old ship's cabin served as the office of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company, and the other huts saw life only when the freight teams were in, loading supplies for the mines and camps on up Bill Williams' Fork.

The Planet mine a dozen miles up the fork shipped copper ore on nearly every steamer that had gone downriver since 1864. In the hills north of the fork was Jackson McCrackin's gigantic silver lode, discovered in September 1873. McCrackin sold the mine to Nevada senators J.P. Jones and W.M. Stewart for $24,000. They moved the old Moss mill over to Big Sandy Creek, just east of the mine, in 1875 and ultimately took more than $6 million out of it. Greenwood City sprang up around the mill. Within two years two more mills were built on down the creek, and the rival camps of Signal and Virginia were founded. They had a combined population of nearly a thousand for a time, all supplied by steamer and wagon from the landing at Aubrey.

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For decades, George A. Johnson monopolized trade on the Colorado River.

Some 310 miles above Yuma the steamers tied up at Hardyville, which was for most of the year the practical head of steam navigation. Though it never boasted more than 100 residents, Hardyville was, nonetheless, the principal shipping center for northern Arizona and for several years the Mohave County seat. The mines in the mountains to the west had been abandoned during the Hualapai War, which had erupted after the treacherous murder of Chief Wauba Yuma in April 1866. Only a few steamers a year ventured above Hardyville in an attempt to open a sea route to Utah.

Freighting over the Mormon road from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City was then a $3-million-a-year business. Captain Johnson offered to carry Utah freight for only $65 a ton upriver as far as Eldorado Canyon during high water and to Hardyville at low water. That cut the overland haul by nearly half and the total freighting rate for the trip by a third, saving Salt Lake merchants more than $100 a ton.

The Deseret Mercantile Association eagerly accepted the offer. Brigham Young, who for years had longed for a sea route to Zion, quickly dispatched Anson Call to select the site for a landing and warehouse at the river. On December 17, 1864, he settled on a gravelly point some six miles above Vegas Wash. He modestly christened the town Callville; there he built a large stone warehouse and corral. A year later the Arizona legislature created Pah-Ute County out of that portion of the territory along the Colorado north of Roaring Rapids, and Callville was made the county seat.

The honor was short-lived, however, because Callville and most of the county were ceded to Nevada in May 1866, becoming part of today's Clark County. By then, Callville's only inhabitants were a gang of fleeing horse thieves who wrenched the door off the abandoned warehouse to raft down the river.

Eldorado Canyon was the only important settlement on the upper river until the turn of the century, though there were two paper towns which flourished briefly in the imaginations of their creators. The first was Freemansburg, the brainchild of a peripatetic newspaperman, Legh R. Freeman, who platted it at the mouth of the Virgin River in February 1868. Freeman proclaimed his town to be not only the head of steam navigation but the "Sanctum of the American Libertarian" and the "Capital of the Territory of Aztec!"

Two years later the ubiquitous Johnny Moss envisioned a second paper town, Piute City, on the west bank of the river opposite Cottonwood Island. Its existence never went beyond an artist's attractive rendering in the pro-

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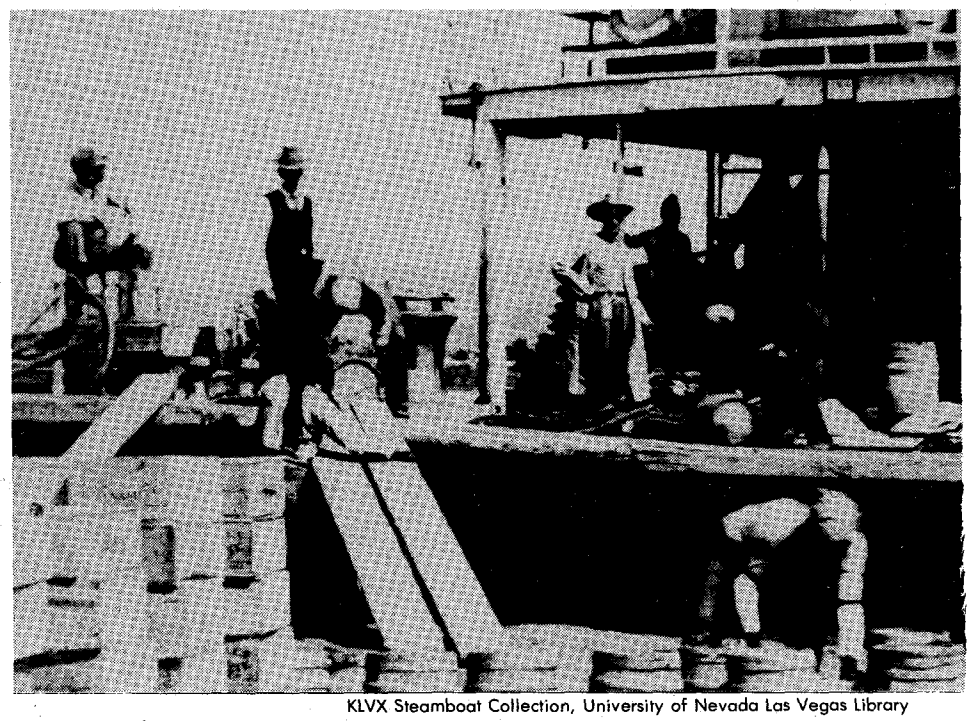
spectus for the Piute Company of California and Nevada. The drawing showed Piute as the bustling shipping point for the company's mines at Ivanpah, forty miles to the west. Though these mines were later developed, their supplies were carried overland from San Bernardino.

By the mid-1870s George Johnson and his Colorado Steam Navigation Company were doing over a quarter of a million dollars a year worth of business, handling some 7,000 tons of freight and about 1,000 passengers annually. More than four-fifths of that income came from inbound freight—the tools, explosives, and machinery for the mines; the stamps, boilers, and heavy timbers for the mills; the supplies and equipment for the army; and the dry goods, hardware, furniture, and even food for much of the territory.

The bulk of the freight was carried from San Francisco to Yuma at $50 a ton and on upriver at additional charges of as much as $60 a ton to Eldorado Canyon. Freight charges on heavy goods were based on volume, with forty cubic feet being defined as a "measured ton." A piece of furniture in a four-foot-square crate would thus cost the same to ship as 3,200 pounds of mining machinery. This practice obviously worked to the advantage of the mines but was the cause of continual complaint from Arizona merchants.

The outbound freight, which provided only a small percentage of the company's income, was made up primarily of silver, lead, and copper ore with seasonal shipments of wool, hides, and pelts. It was carried effectively as ballast on the ocean steamers, and the downriver freighting rates were much less than those upriver, further helping to stimulate mining along the river. Miners could thus ship their ore to San Francisco from Yuma for only $10 a ton, only a fifth of the upriver rate; from Ehrenberg for $12.50; from Bill Williams' Fork for $15; and from Hardy ville for $20. The remainder of the company's earnings came from passengers, more than half of whom were soldiers going to and from posts in Arizona.

The coming of the railroad brought reduced shipping costs throughout most of the Arizona Territory, providing a great stimulus to mining there. It was, however, of no benefit to the mines adjacent to the Colorado, where shipping rates remained the same as those charged by the old steamboat company. Thus as the rest of the territory boomed with the expansion of the railroad, mining along the river languished.



KLVX Steamboat Collection, University of Nevada Las Vegas Library

Above: Dynamite for upriver mines is loaded aboard the riverboat *Cochran*. Opposite page: John Alexander Mellon (left) was the best-known Colorado captain. An advertisement for the "palatial" *Mojave* occupied a half-page of the Arizona *Sentinel* in 1881.

A single privy next to the paddle wheel, accommodated the crew and passengers. To get to it one had to walk the length of a deck covered with galvanized iron which absorbed the heat and burned through the thin soles of ladies' shoes.

In May 1883 construction crews, laying the Atlantic and Pacific tracks west across Arizona and east from California, met at the Colorado River twenty-five miles below Fort Mohave. The tent town on the California side, dubbed Needles for the pinnacles downriver, quickly became the largest port on the river above Yuma.

With the coming of the railroad the steamboat companies immediately lost over half of their income. The river towns were hard hit by the loss of trade. The population of Yuma fell from around 1,500 to only about 500; every line of business was stagnated, and the local press damned the Southern Pacific's owners for having "practically withdrawn their steamers from the river." At Ehrenberg the last inhabitants were ripping the windows and doors from their adobes and heading for the interior. Once the most populous point upriver, it was virtually abandoned, refuge only for a few derelicts. Johnson's former partners congratulated themselves for their foresight, as John Bermingham wrote to Captain Wilcox in May 1879, "The river business is used up. . . We got out of the business just in time."

Ironically it was at this same time that the Colorado steamboats finally reached that long sought "head of navigation" at the mouth of the Virgin River.

On July 8, 1879, twenty years after Johnson first set out for the elusive Virgin, Jack Mellon finally proved that it was indeed the head of steam navigation on the Colorado River. The Mormons at Rioville were "wonder-struck" to see a steamboat; one proclaimed it the "biggest thing he ever saw in water." The passengers on the steamboat Gila were equally impressed with the deep canyons through which they had come, vowing they were the

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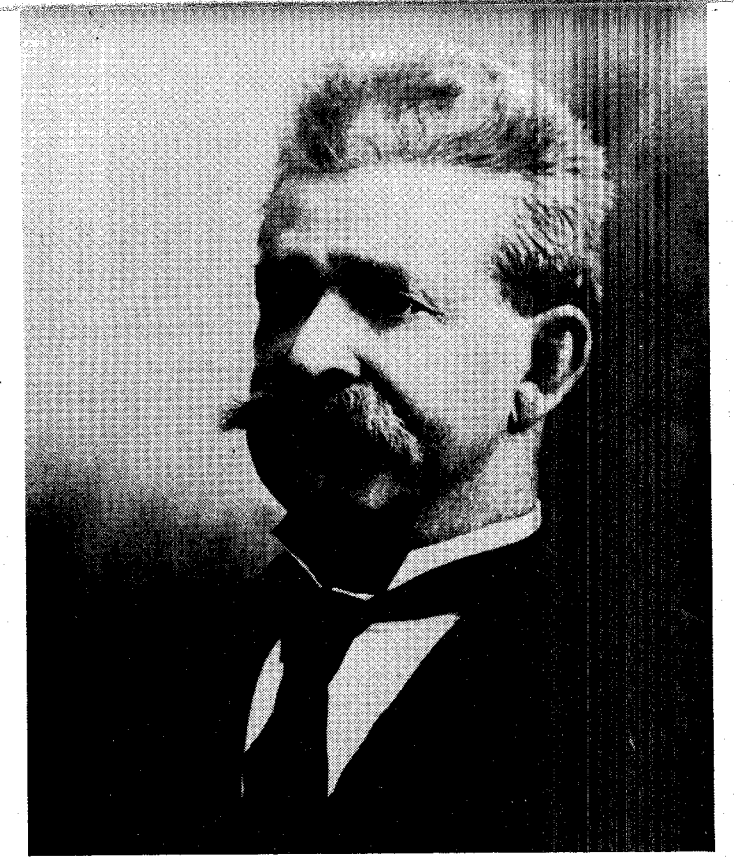

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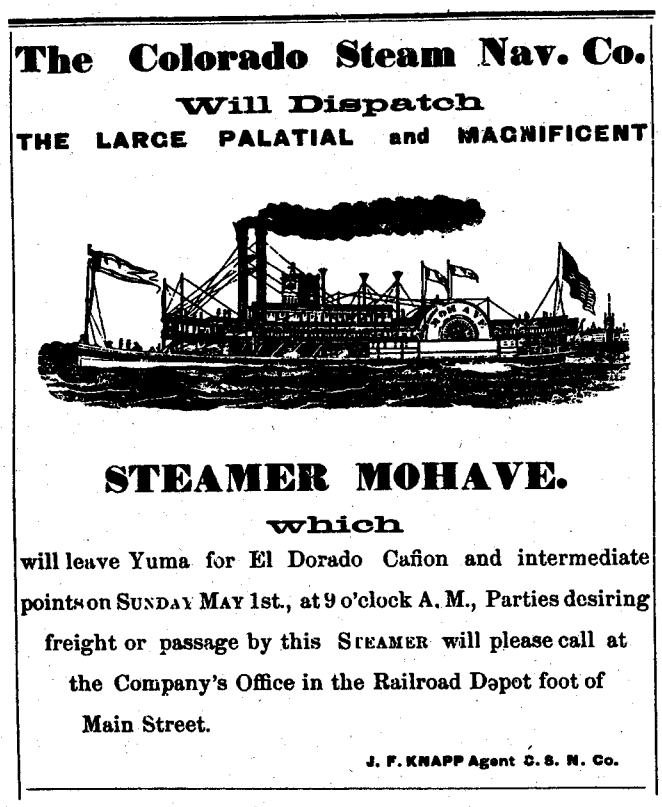

The Colorado Steam Nav. Co.

Will Dispatch

THE LARGE PALATIAL and MAGNIFICENT

STEAMER MOHAVE.

which

will leave Yuma for El Dorado Cañon and intermediate points on SUNDAY MAY 1st., at 9 o'clock A. M., Parties desiring freight or passage by this STEAMER will please call at the Company's Office in the Railroad Depot foot of Main Street.

J. F. KNAPP Agent C. S. N. Co.

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"grandest on Earth."

Over the next eight years, Mellon took the *Gila* back up to the Virgin a couple times a year to get salt for the mill, eventually making a total of twenty trips. Captain Isaac Polhamus also took her up a couple times. His nephew, Captain Joseph H. Godfrey, even succeeded in working the vessel *Mohave* up to the Virgin River once in the summer of 1881.

Meanwhile, the only important mining activity upriver was the continuing work around Mineral Park and Signal. To shorten the overland haul to Mineral Park, Captain Polhamus established Polhamus Landing some five miles above Hardyville in May 1881. Within a month a large warehouse was built, and thereafter more freight was landed there than at any other point on the river. On down the river some freight was still landed at Fort Mohave and at Aubrey for the mines around Signal, but usually only a wood stop was made at the once busy landing at Ehrenberg.

Later years of paddle-wheel river craft saw the gradual replacement of steam-powered boats by gasoline-driven contraptions. The new models tended to be smaller and more specialized than their predecessors, and a good deal more unsightly. Still, steam remained in use until the early years of the new century. The steamship *Searchlight* aided in a fight to close the breach in the banks of the river south of Yuma from 1905 through 1907. Diversion of the Colorado for irrigation of the Imperial Valley got out of hand and the entire flow emptied into the Salton Sink, creating an inland sea that exists today. The *Searchlight*, credited with being the last steamboat to operate on the Colorado, was reported "lost on the river," October 3, 1916.

George Johnson, who had built the Colorado steamboat business into the largest enterprise in Arizona, died November 27, 1903. But Jack Mellon and Isaac Polhamus outlived the steamboats they served. Polhamus died January 16, 1922, at the age of ninety-four, and Mellon on December 17, 1924, at eighty-four.

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By STEPHEN M. VOYNICK

Those High-Grading

The mention of frontier gold theft most often stirs visions of armed highwaymen intercepting express shipments on lonely roads or bank thieves cleaning out a vault while terrified tellers helplessly watch. But all the frontier gold ever stolen at gunpoint pales before the amount taken by hard rock miners who successfully pulled off one of the greatest thefts in history.

Over a half-century, in virtually every precious metal mining district in the West, hard rock miners walked off with a fortune estimated conservatively at four million ounces—166 tons—of gold worth a staggering $80 million. And they managed that formidable task without masks, guns, or desperate escapes ahead of pursuing posses. They did it all by high-grading—the traditional miners' practice of concealing and removing bits and pieces of rich ores from mine properties.

An early mine "dry," or change room. Although they were originally conceived as a deterrent to high-grading, such facilities greatly improved the miners' health and cleanliness.

High-grading was among the most controversial and bitterly divisive aspects of mining camp life. There was no middle ground in taking a personal stand on the matter. Some despised high-grading as blatantly criminal and fought it at every turn; others defended it not only as honorable and justified, but as an inalienable right.

High-grading is not merely a part of mining history. It is still practiced in modern mines; it colors our modern vocabulary; and it remains a heated point of contention between mine management and working hard rock miners.

While high-grading reached its peak on the frontier, its roots go back to antiquity. Egyptian slaves in the underground gold mines at Akita, near the Red Sea, were put to death if even suspected of concealing gold ore. During the seventeenth century, high-grading became a serious problem at the rich Erz Gebirge silver mines in Europe. In South and Central America, Spanish colonial overseers executed Amerindian slaves caught stealing ore from mines. And in Burma's Mogok Stone Tract, a rich alluvial deposit of precious gemstones, British supervisors in the 1880s ordered all native laborers washing gravels to wear cardboard boxes with gauze windows over their heads to prevent them from swallowing rough rubies.

In the American West, high-grading evolved slowly, for in the early placer goldfields it was both difficult and risky. Sluice boxes were in full view of everyone. Day laborers were hired only to shovel gravel and man the hydraulic pumps; their standard instructions always included, "Don't bend over and keep your fingers out of the riffles." Placer gold high-grading was considered

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Miners

criminal theft by the claim owners and accepted as such by working miners. When a high-grader was caught red-handed, he was usually convicted by the courts and punished without controversy as a common thief.

The frontier placer era was brief, quickly giving way to hard rock, or underground, mining. Hard rock mining offered none of the romance of independent placer mining; instead, it was a dark, dreary, dirty, and incredibly dangerous business. Companies and corporations ruled the hard rock camps which, by the 1880s, employed about 25,000 miners at any given time. Together, those men sweated over the hammers and steels, squinted through the dim light of flickering candles, inhaled huge quantities of dynamite fumes, smoke and rock dust, and ruined their hearing in the thunder of the new mechanical drills while enduring grueling shifts of ten and often twelve hours. For that they were paid three dollars a day, a rate of less than thirty cents an hour.

If a man lasted ten years in the mines, he had a one-in-three chance of suffering a severe injury, and a one-in-eight chance of being killed. The courts favored only the mine owners; through rulings like "contributory negligence" and "fellow servant liability," all accidents automatically became the fault and responsibility of the miner. By 1900, frontier hard rock mines had taken the lives of 7,500 miners and maimed another 20,000—a toll that does not even include thousands more who slowly coughed themselves to a premature death with silicosis, the silica petrification of their lung tissues.

An underground mine crew in the early 1900s packs onto two cages for the descent into a Cripple Creek gold mine to begin their shift. Over forty years, miners such as these high-graded an estimated $20 million in rich gold ore from the Cripple Creek mines.

Rich ores were smuggled out of mines in hollow boot heels, socks, tubular pockets sewed into the inside seams of pant legs, double inner bands of hats, even in unconsumed portions of the miners' lunches. High-grading became a sort of sport.

The terrible underground conditions and low wages generated no company loyalty whatever. And miners often had to work directly with fantastically rich ores which, they knew too well, were earning fortunes for the mine owners. The miners' resentment built steadily during the long, dark shifts when they often worked without supervision, for neither the mine owners nor their managers were particularly eager to spend much time in the underground. Those three factors—resentment against the owners, inadequate supervision, and extremely valuable ores—would make high-grading a big business in the western mining districts.

To the owners, high-grading was obvious criminal theft, no different than pilfering nuggets from a sluice or stealing corn that field hands were paid to harvest. The miners, however, considered high-grading a tradition and a right they fully earned with risk of life and limb. Some claimed it was the only fair compensation for their low wages. Others even believed some of those rich ores were theirs by right of "discovery"; after all, it was the miners who drilled and blasted into the bonanza ore

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pockets which the owners had no real way of even knowing were there.

According to the letter of the law, it is difficult to legally interpret high-grading as anything but criminal theft. The only way to justify high-grading is to put yourself in the position of a hard rock miner about the year 1890. You are aware of the profit-wage imbalance characteristic of the industry; if you haven't already been seriously injured, you're probably missing a finger or two, and you've paid the doctor's fees yourself.

You probably have known several men, perhaps close friends, who died in mine accidents that weren't their fault. Deep in your own lungs you may already feel the beginnings of a troublesome cough that could be the precursor of "congestion" or "consumption," as you refer to the not-yet-understood silicosis. Your low wages make saving anything impossible. And without savings, your future is bleak, promising only more years in the mines watching your health, strength, and youth slowly fade away.

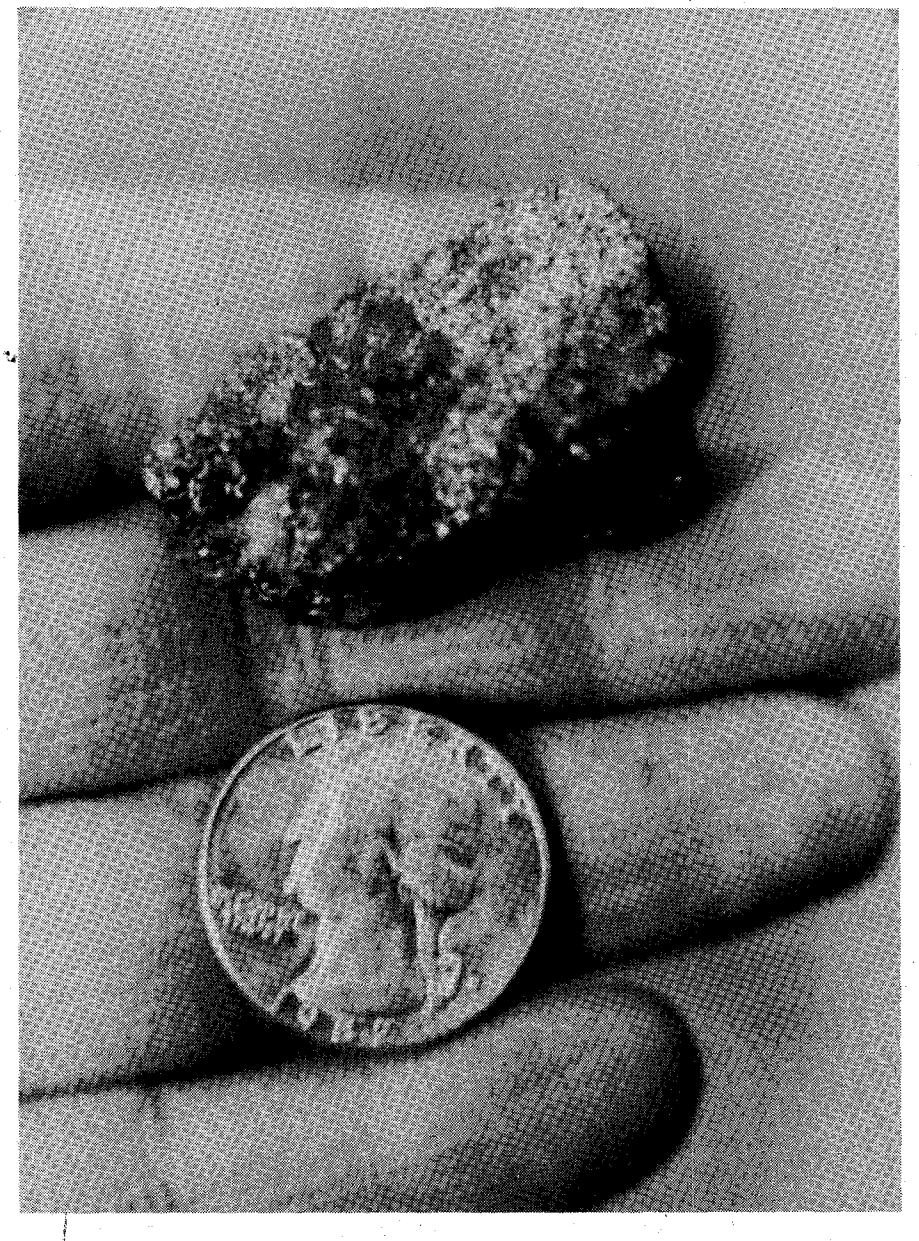
Suddenly at the beginning of your long shift, you peer down through the swirling dynamite fumes and clouds of rock dust. There, lying on the freshly-blasted muck pile that you will shovel, is a single, small piece of gold-laden quartz that represents an entire week's—perhaps an entire month's—wages. You and your partner are alone. Do you dutifully place the piece of high-grade gold in the owner's sack? Or do you put it in your pocket? Be honest and you'll understand why high-grading was such an important part of life in the frontier mining camps.

As early as the 1860s, mine owners were aware that their rich ores were being high-graded. Miners bragged freely of their high-grading prowess in the local saloons, and many lived lives far beyond what their meager wages could possibly support. Many ores were mineralogically distinctive; that is, they easily could be traced not only to a particular mine but to certain levels of that mine. When such specimens showed up in assay offices and in trade, owners had no doubt they were being victimized.

At first, supervisors simply searched the pockets and lunch buckets of miners coming off shift. But the miners had ten or twelve hours of dark isolation in the underground to devise ways around such rudimentary security measures. With great imagination and resourcefulness, they succeeded admirably. The rich ores, referred to simply as "high-grade," were smuggled out of the mines in hollow boot heels, socks, tubular pockets sewed into the inside seams of pant legs, double inner bands of hats, even in unconsumed portions of the miners' lunches. High-grading became a sort of sport, a contest of wits between owner and miner. As owners stepped up security, miners responded in clever new ways, with no bodily orifice being sacred. Many long-haired miners took extra time to carefully wash the dirt, mud, and machine grease from their hair—to assure recovery of every bit of finely pulverized gold they had mixed with the grease.

There was no denying the economic potential of high-grading. An ounce of gold the size of a small marble was worth $20—more than a week's wage. Any miner worth his salt could manage an ounce per shift. The more ambitious miners rode the hoist to the surface sometimes concealing ten or twenty pounds of high-grade.

High-graders also worked in teams, usually a miner and a toplander, or surface hand. Rock drills needing repair were often disassembled and filled with high-grade before being sent to the surface. High-grade was also concealed in cars of waste rock destined for the surface dumps. The toplander of the high-grading team often could recover the gold even before it was dumped. If not, the miners returned at night to scour the waste dumps by lantern light for high-grade they had sent up earlier that day.



Simple logistics made high-grading almost impossible to stop. This ore sample contains almost one ounce of metallic gold yet is hardly larger than a quarter. In frontier times the ore sample was worth about $20, or more than a week's wages. Today, it contains about $400 worth of gold but as mineral specimen is valued at nearly $800.

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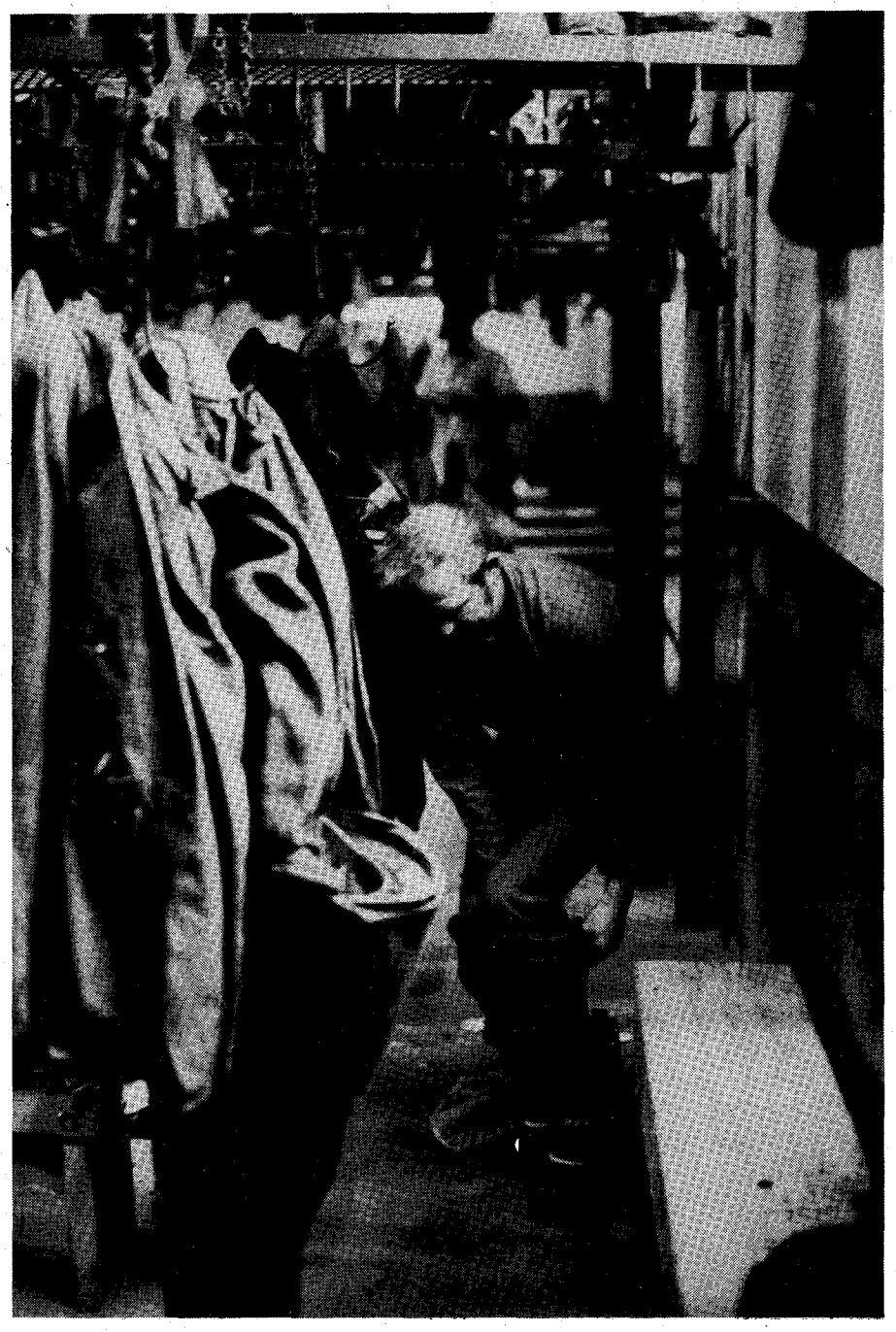
High-grading quickly mustered broad support in the camps. Mine production was usually shipped away from the district, resulting in little economic benefit to the community. Miners earning three dollars per day did the local economy little good. Merchants, saloon keepers, prostitutes, and gamblers all preferred miners with gold in their pockets, even if that gold had been high-graded.

Mine owners were finding that community support and sympathy were making high-grading an unpunishable crime. Even if caught red-handed, high-graders demanded a jury trial and entered pleas of not guilty. Their pleas were not based on their innocence or on their faith in courtroom justice, but on the knowledge that the jury would be packed with sympathizers and miners, any one of whom could be in the same legal predicament next week.

GOLD, of course, was the preferred high-grade, but silver also was prized. In Leadville, Colorado, silver ores assayed as high as 18,000 ounces per ton, meaning seventy-five percent of the total weight was silver. At one dollar per ounce, four ounces of such ore contained metal values equal to a miner's daily wage. But silver ores, with their complex chemical nature and uncertain monetary values, were not as readily convertible as gold. Dozens of Leadville assayers quickly solved that problem by working a regular night shift behind locked doors, smelting down the high-graded silver they had received from miners. The assayer's and high-grading miner's standard split of the actual silver value was fifty-fifty.

High-grading had always been big business, but by the late 1890s it reached industry-sized proportions at Cripple Creek, Colorado, a district that boasted the richest gold ore yet encountered in North America. Most of the Cripple Creek gold was present not as native metal, but as a complex mineral. Although unspectacular in appearance, the ore often was extremely rich. Quickly established were a host of "assay" offices whose operators were only "fences" with the sole purpose of purchasing high-grade from miners and smelt it down into metallic gold.

The crooked assaying business in Cripple Creek became highly competitive. Some assayers attempted to drum up business by providing unusual conveniences and courtesies for miners, such as sending collection agents to pick up high-grade from the miners at their rooms or at regular drop points such as the local saloon after a shift. Other assayers provided their miners with custom-made "pocket belts" to assist them in smuggling high-grade out of the mines.



A modern mine dry provides an added health measure for today's miners. The concept of the dry originated in the early 1900s as a deterrent to high-grading.

Mine owners were outraged when even judges began siding with the high-graders. One miner, caught red-handed, was acquitted when the judge ruled that high-grading could not be considered theft because "mineral is real estate" and presumably part of the scenery that belonged to everyone. Frustrated with the courts, owners began taking matters into their own hands. The Cripple Creek Mine Owners Association issued cards to men it felt were trustworthy, refusing to hire men without cards. At the Independence Mine, things went a bit further. Miners coming off shift were sometimes strip searched at gunpoint; those caught concealing high-grade not only were fired but were beaten by a gang of hired ruffians.

Interestingly, the mine owners' security efforts did result in one innovation beneficial to the entire industry. Some mines established a change room,

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or "dry," where miners coming off shift had to remove and hang all their work clothes, then pass naked before company guards into another room to reach their street clothes. Sometimes, the miners had to leap over a two-foot-high "jump bar," thus dropping any high-grade concealed between their legs. Miners' unions, meanwhile, fought against every new attempt to suppress the rampant high-grading. Although the mine dry did little to suppress high-grading, it significantly improved levels of health and cleanliness among the miners.

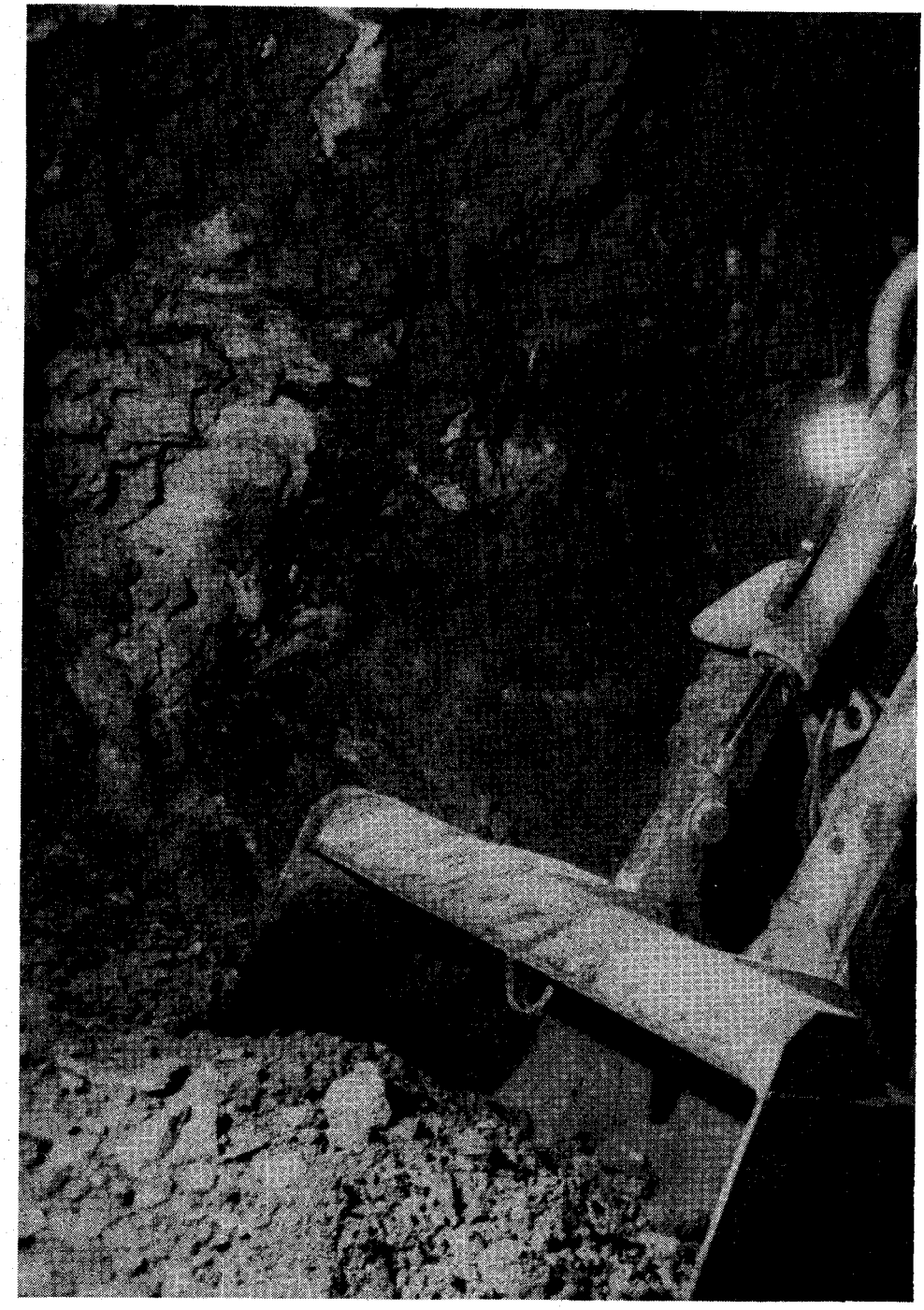
The reason for the mine owners' concern is readily apparent when you consider that, over forty years, the Cripple Creek mines produced over $400 million in gold. Historians believe that about five percent—or $20 million—was high-graded.

On February 23, 1902, the mine owners took their strongest stand against high-grading. Eight dynamite explosions shattered the pre-dawn stillness. At first light, the residents of Cripple Creek saw that eight assay offices had been blown to bits. Every one belonged to a known fence for stolen ore. Still, the high-grading continued. Ten years later, several major mines unsuccessfully petitioned a federal court for an injunction to restrain forty-eight assay offices, all known high-grade fences, from buying ore from miners. In 1915, the mine owners found limited relief when the Colorado legislature passed a law putting all assayers under bond and requiring them to record all purchases by name and origin.

The smoke had barely cleared over the shattered Cripple Creek assay offices when the West's grandest adventure in high-grading began. A strike at Goldfield, Nevada, marked the last of the frontier gold rushes. Although a smaller district than Cripple Creek, Goldfield boasted some tremendously rich ores, such as thin veins that were half gold by weight and worth $250,000 per ton. By 1904, Goldfield was the site of the most intense high-grading ever performed in North America.

Most of Goldfield's mines operated on the lease system. Absentee owners leased their mines to operators who took every shorcut necessary to mine the most gold before the leases expired. Many mines that could have produced far longer under proper supervision were ruined in a few short years of hell-for-leather production. The system made Goldfield a paradise for high-graders.

The operators, fearful of a work slowdown if miners' "rights" were tampered with, literally closed their eyes to high-grading. In at least three Goldfield mines, half of all the gold ever encountered in the underground workings was believed to have been high-graded. In one often-recalled incident at the Mohawk Mine, a miner stepped off the hoist cage at the end of his shift so overloaded with high-grade that he fell to the ground, unable to get back to his feet. The superintendent merely stared at the helpless miner, somberly shook his head, and said, "Will someone please help that son of a bitch?"



High-grading still survives in modern mines throughout the West. Miners still work mostly in pairs and are largely unsupervised. Although mineral specimens, particularly crystals,

Among those who witnessed the Goldfield boom, and who nearly lost his life in the cave-in of a local mine, was Frank Crampton, who later recorded his impressions and observations of mining in the classic book, *Deep Enough*. Crampton recalled a Goldfield preacher standing before his flock denouncing stealing as a grievous sin. The solid citizens in the pews sat in silence, surprised and somewhat apprehensive, expecting that their beloved high-grading would also be branded as sinful. But their fears were unfounded, for the

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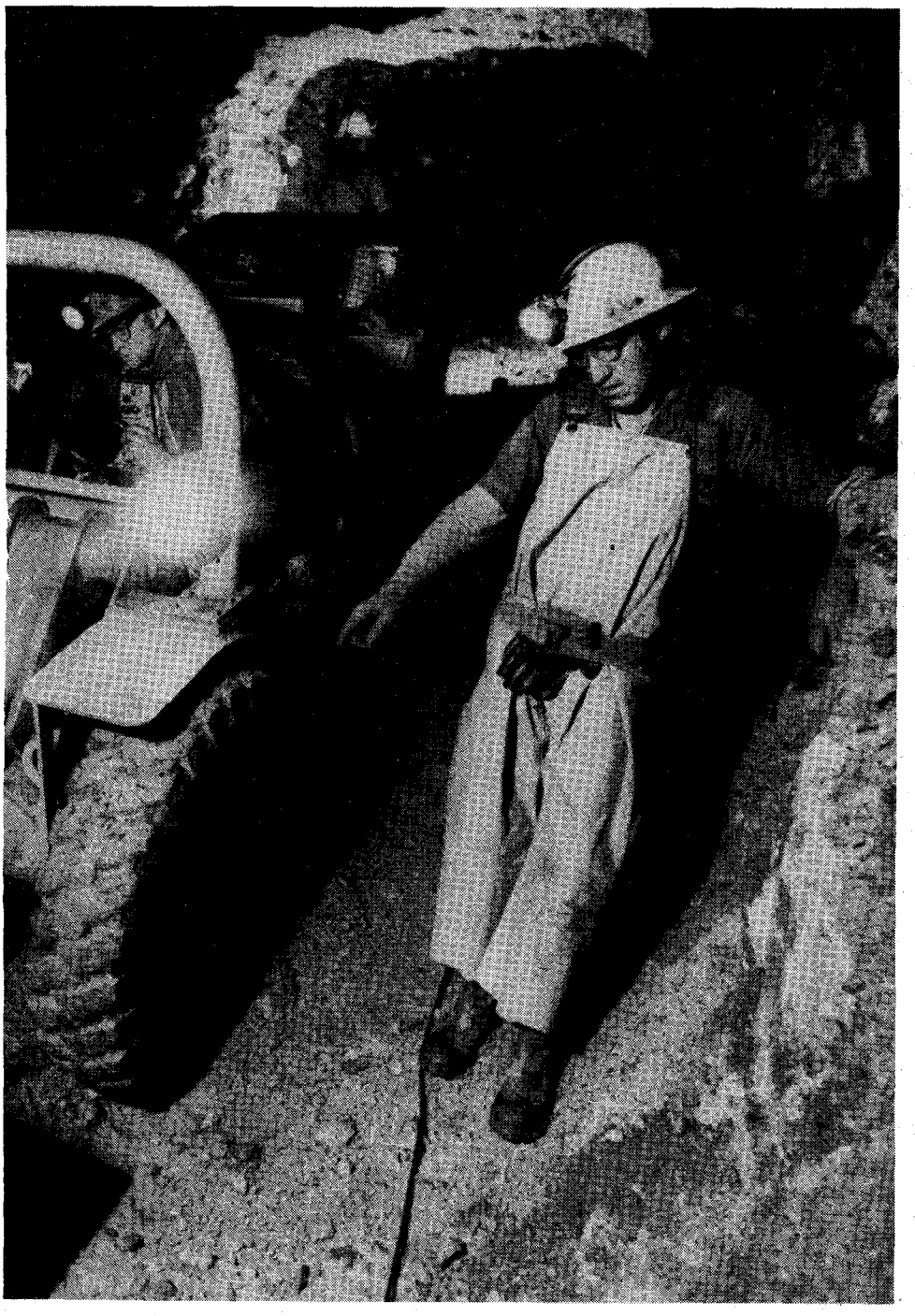

make up most of today's high-grade, gold specimens still come from about a half-dozen mines.

preacher was apparently concerned about the security of his own career in the mining town. He concluded his sermon by adding, "But gold belongs to him wot finds it first."

Some Goldfield miners were reported to have high-graded $1,000 worth of gold ore in a single shift. "Fringe benefits" such as that completely reversed the normal employment arrangement. At the Mohawk Mine, for example, miners received no wage at all; instead, they paid dearly in bidding wars for the privilege of working at the Mohawk, where an estimated $2 million in gold was high-graded over eight years. Over twenty years, the Goldfield miners shared in a high-grading bonanza estimated at $30 million.

The lure of high-grading, of course, transcended all economic classes. Miners simply smuggled the ore out, but high-salaried company executives developed methods commensurate with their lofty positions. Some made regular "inspection visits" to their company's mines and filled valises with specimens purportedly needed for promotional and exhibition purposes. Most of those specimens, of course, went only for personal enrichment. Thomas A. Rickard, a mining engineer and writer of the early 1900s, treated the subject of high-grading in an article titled "Rich Ore and Its Moral Effects." Rickard notes that one company president managed to walk off with $22,000 of high-grade gold "specimens" in a single year.

The practice of high-grading survives today, although its economic impact has declined greatly. The bonanza ores of the frontier are history; most gold ores mined in the West today are so low grade as to have no high-grading potential whatever. Only about a half-dozen mines still encounter ores containing visible gold. Those ores are still high-graded, not for their actual metal value, but for their soaring specimen value in the collector's market. The mines punish high-grading by termination, and some still stage surprise searches of miners coming off shift. The Homestake Mine in Lead, South Dakota, attempts to restrict high-grading at the mine and also works to discourage the retailing of high-graded ore specimens.

If high-grading in precious metals has declined, it is thriving in the field of mineral specimens, particularly crystals. Most of the prize crystal and mineral specimens displayed at museums, quality shops, and mineral shows have all been high-graded from the mines of their origin. Mine policies on mineral high-grading vary: some allow what a miner can carry in his lunch bucket; others prohibit high-grading entirely, on the grounds that it interferes with production.

The term "high-grading" has also woven itself through the vocabulary of western mining communities from Arizona to Idaho. High-grading is used generally to describe theft, from white-collar bank fraud to shoplifting. And the most expensive, most desirable, top-of-the-line quality of anything from steaks to whiskey to pickup trucks is still referred to as "high-grade."

High-grading has always been—and will always be—an inherent part of western hard rock mining. Little has changed over the past century. Most mining companies still regard it as illegal; miners still consider it an earned right that comes with the job. Technically, high-grading is illegal as a clear form of theft. Yet, many have justified it on moral grounds. You have heard both sides of the argument, and now you may decide for yourself.

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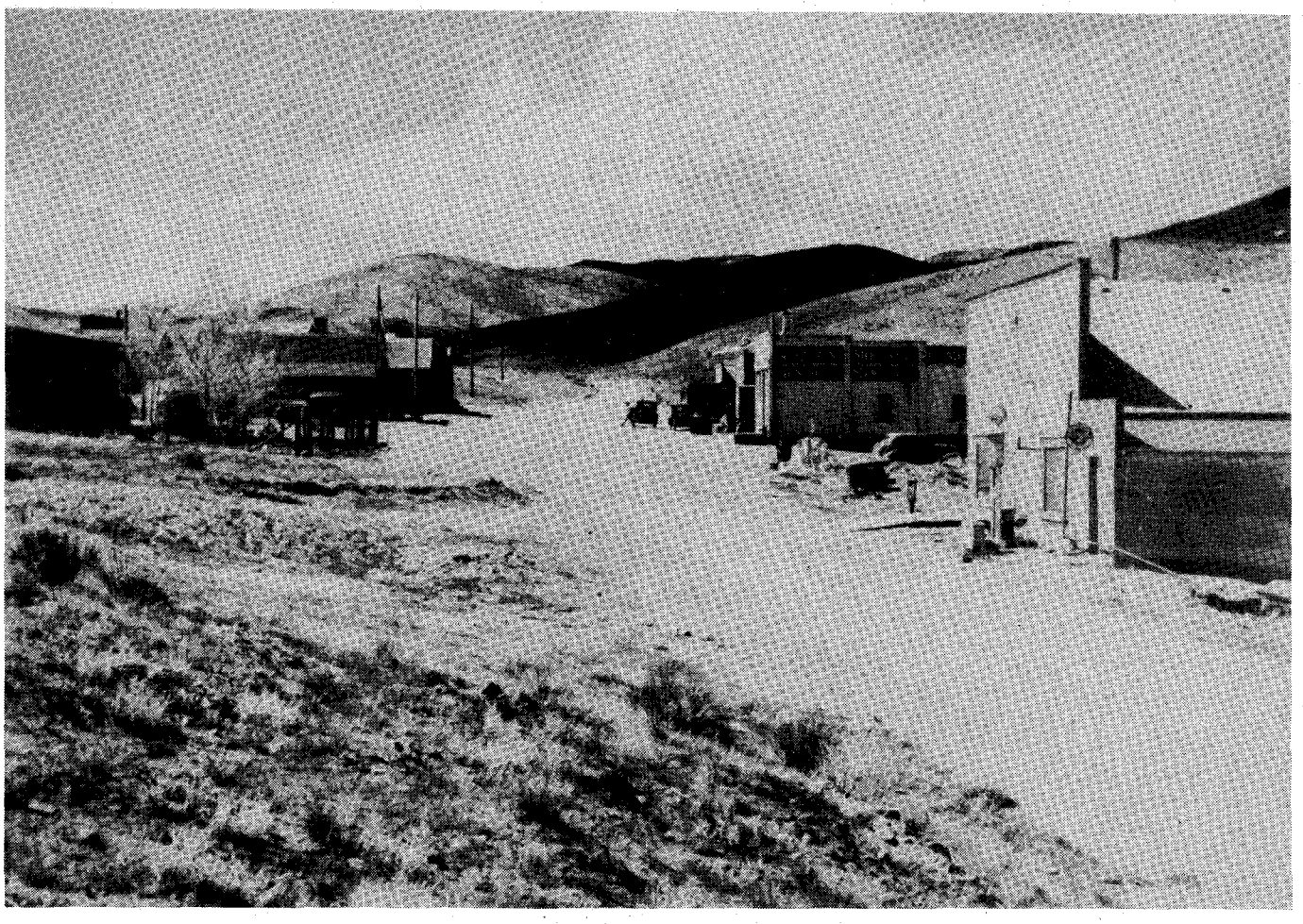

Special Collection, University of Utah Library, Salt Lake City, Utah

Gold Hill, Utah, as seen in the 1930s or 1940s.

By WAYNE S. CHRISTIANSEN

Three Strikes and You

The Utah mining town of Gold Hill has seen plenty

In one of the most remote regions of the West, on the western edge of the salt encrusted Great Salt Lake Desert fifty miles south of Wendover, sits one of the most photogenic and complete ghost towns in Utah. Nestled against the northern edge of the ruggedly beautiful Deep Creek Mountains, the old mining town is just five miles from the Pony Express and Overland stage road. The area looks much the same today as it was described in 1858, when the first mineral bearing ore came to light.

Early travelers on the Overland Trail were given ore samples by the Gosiute Indians in exchange for food and tobacco. The Gosiute tribe, the first inhabitants of the area, were a very poor people made poorer by the harsh environment of the desert. Where other western Indians had herds of buffalo to follow or rivers of fish to catch, the Gosiute had only insects, lizards, pine nuts, and an occasional rabbit or rat to sustain them. So the travelers passing through and exchanging food for rocks were, at first, a blessing.

When the ore samples proved to be rich in gold and other minerals such as silver and lead, some of the travelers decided to find out where the ore was coming from. Sporadic mining took place for several years.

In about 1864 Colonel Patrick Connor built Utah's first smelter in Stockton, 125 miles east of the Deep Creek Mountains and across the parched desert. Within a few weeks of the smelter's opening, a large tent city sprang up. The new town was named Clifton. Within a few months it boasted a fine new business district with many stone and log buildings.

Due to the remoteness of the mines, the ore could not be transported to the smelter profitably. In 1868 the Gold Hill-Clifton Mining District was

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organized. The following spring Major Howard Egan, of Pony Express fame, built a smelter at Clifton.

After about 1,500 tons of high grade silver ore were processed, it was apparent that the rich ore was in pockets that were few and far between. The mines were abandoned, and the smelter closed its doors, causing a general exodus from Clifton. The few hardy souls who stayed on periodically hit a strike that would make the Salt Lake City newspapers, but the revival was always short-lived.

In 1892 the town of Gold Hill was established when discoveries of copper, gold, lead, silver, tungsten, arsenic, beryllium, and zinc brought back the people to the Clifton area. An amalgamation mill was built in Gold Hill by Colonel James Woodman, the man who had discovered the famous Emma mine in Alta, Utah. Handling the rich ores that poured out of the Cane Spring, Gold Hill, and Alvarado mines, the entire mill was transported at great expense from France.

Newspaper articles proclaimed, "The mines near Gold Hill will yet of necessity be among the foremost of the territory. Some hills and mountains appear to be solid ore. . . . Gold Hill, which visitors are unanimous in pronouncing the greatest mineralized hill they have ever seen."

Utah State Historical Society

A railroad spur into Gold Hill was built in 1917.

're Out

of boom and bust.

Because freight wagons were being robbed on a regular basis, a better way of shipping ore had to be found. The owners of the Eagle Iron Works of Salt Lake City came up with a solution. They made several large iron balls two-inches thick, each with a hole that could be fitted with a special lock after it was filled. The only keys to the locks were kept at a Salt Lake City bank. The iron balls would be filled at the smelter with from thirteen to twenty thousand dollars worth of refined gold, then freighted to Salt Lake City. Hard as the bandits tried, they could not break into the balls. The balls were too heavy to be carried off, so often bandits left empty-handed and discouraged.

Gold Hill grew and prospered. Nineteen thousand tons of ore were treated at the mill. With gold averaging from $20 to $30 per ton of ore, the mines produced in excess of $200,000 in gold alone.

Then, as quickly as it had begun, it was over. With the death of Colonel Woodman and the declining amount of ore, the smelter closed. It was torn down and moved elsewhere, leaving nothing but a huge foundation and a large tailings dump. When the smelter departed, so did most of the townspeople. The few residents that remained in town mined sporadically in order to survive.

In 1906, Gold Camp again hummed with excitement at the possibility of a railroad's being built through town, bringing with it new jobs. But in 1907 the Western Pacific decided to bypass the little community by about fifty miles. While the rest of the world seemed to be motorized, the little town was still totally dependent on stages, freight wagons, and horses.

Ten years later, in 1917, the long-awaited railroad spur was built. World War I was raging, increasing the demand for several of the other minerals

Utah State Historical Society

James Woodman (left, leaning against the mule) built the Amalgamation mine at Gold Hill. The man with him on the right is Robert B. Chisholm. This photograph was taken in Alta, Utah.

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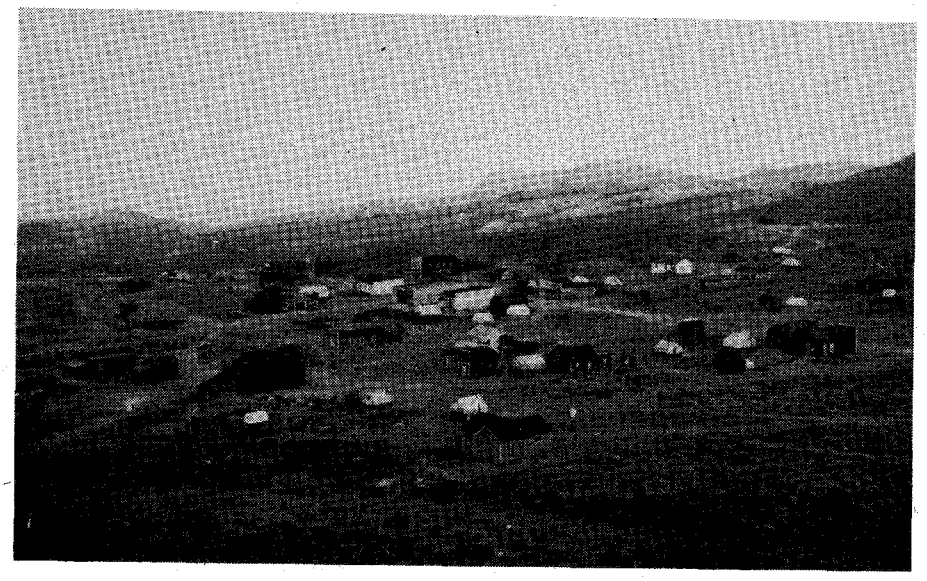

Special Collection, University of Utah Library, Salt Lake City, Utah
Panoramic view of Gold Hill, about 1917.

abundant in Gold Hill. The old-timers who had stuck it out since the town's beginning thought Gold Hill would really make it this time. A forty-acre site was platted with streets, a church, depot, school, library, assay office, boarding houses, stores, a cafe, and even a newspaper, the Gold Hill *Standard*. Although there were a couple of nests for soiled doves to roost, there were never any saloons in town.

Before the railroad was finished, the price of tungsten skyrocketed. Some of the mine owners decided they could send the ore out cheaper as parcel post than as freight. Securely packaged in fifty-pound bags, each stamped with the correct postage, they were sent to the mills by stagecoach. The contract carrier almost went broke before the postal regulations could be changed.

WHEN THE FIRST railroad locomotive arrived in March 1917, it was greeted by a huge stockpile of copper ore waiting to be shipped. But so much ore was going to Salt Lake City that the smelters there were being overloaded. A temporary embargo was placed on ore from Gold Hill. But even with the embargo, a million dollars worth of copper was shipped out.

The new Deep Creek railroad consisted of two locomotives, one passenger car, one water car, one boxcar, and several ore cars. The train never traveled faster than fifteen to twenty miles per hour and could pull only a few cars at a time because of poor roadbed. The engineer was Percy T. Hewitt. The little railroad was managed by Mason Moore, who also served as clerk, conductor, track repairman, stenographer, and road master.

One night as the train was making its three-hour return trip to Wendover, engineer Hewitt responded to a lantern signaling him to stop. Some masked men boarded the cab and announced that they were there to relieve the passengers of their valuables. The train had never been accosted before, so Hewitt thought it was a joke. He laughed and told them to get on with it before the mosquitoes attacked.

In the midst of his hearty laugh, a gun was pointed at his head. Impatient, one of the outlaws screamed, "Honest, this is a stick-up, we mean business!" Reports of the amount of the booty vary. According to one source they got three dollars in change, some bananas, and the conductor's pocket watch. Another source states they left with a diamond stickpin, $243 in cash, and a box of .22 cartridges. One of the passengers was accidentally shot as he tried to hide his valuables. The ruffians made good their getaway, only to be caught a few days later. The newspaper named them as Bert Christy, A.V. Smith, Roy Mershon, and Jack Dempsey, who later became world boxing champion.

Another unique story of the time is that of Loeffer Palmer, owner of the Rube Mine. The Rube Mine was a small, one-man operation. Palmer would work his mine until he had enough ore to fill a train car. He would then ship it out, going with it to collect his money, usually between six and seven thousand dollars. He would then disappear until his earnings were gone, when he would return to mine another carload. Over the years, he extracted more than $100,000 in that manner. Several large offers for the Rube were made, but all were turned down. Finally Palmer received one offer

Author's Photo
(Above) In 1986, little remained of Gold Hill except a collection of mostly ramshackle and abandoned buildings. Ike Pommel (opposite) was one of the few residents.

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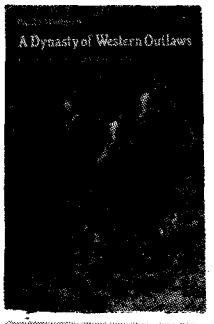
BOOK MART



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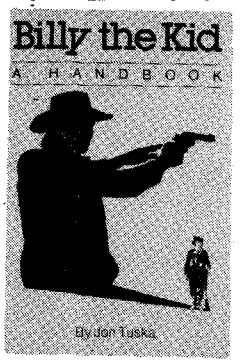

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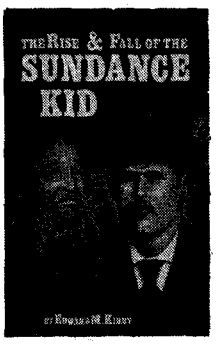

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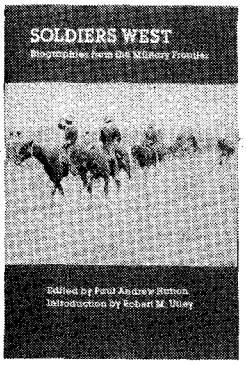

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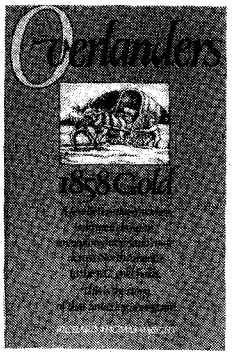

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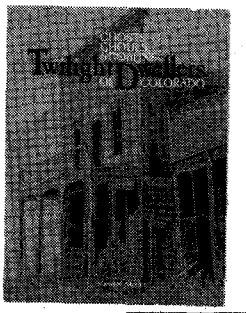

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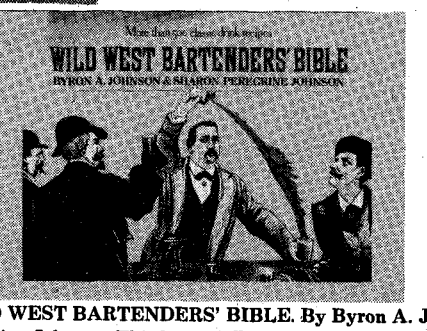

TW52—WILD WEST BARTENDERS' BIBLE. By Byron A. Johnson & Sharon Peregrine Johnson. This beautifully designed and illustrated new book, reconstructs the golden age of the American saloon with chapters on who became saloonists; saloon architecture, furnishings, and stock; and the daily routine of a saloon. It also contains more than 500 recipes from rare bartenders' guides published between 1862 and 1906. Texas Monthly Press.

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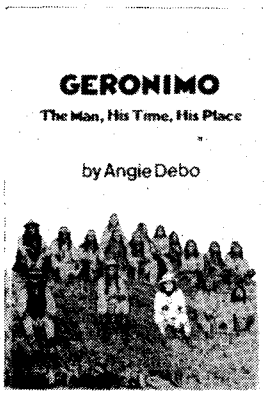

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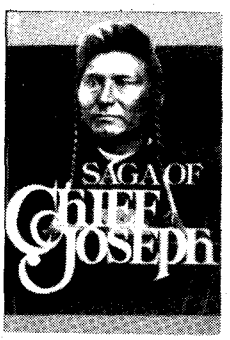

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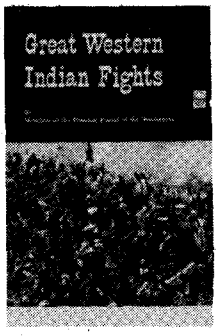

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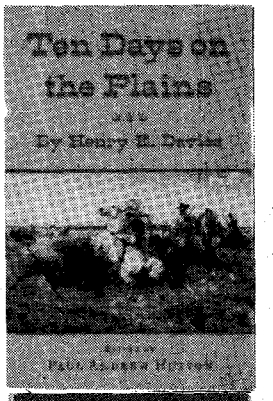

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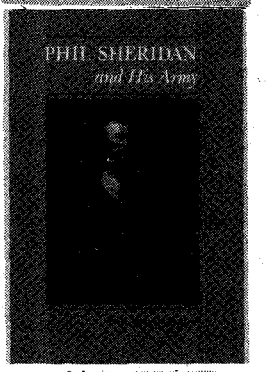

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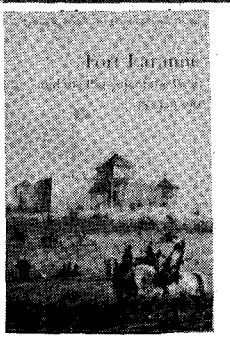

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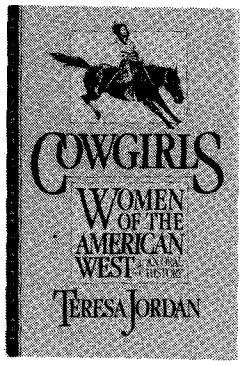

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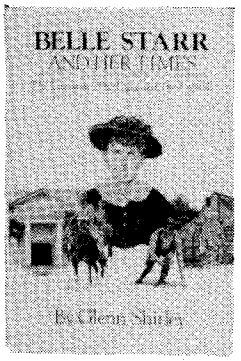

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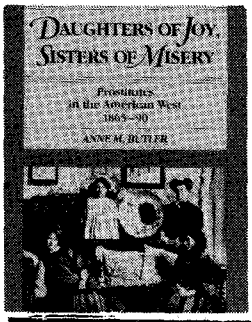

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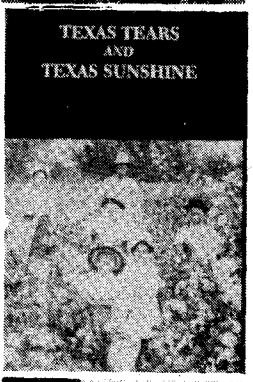

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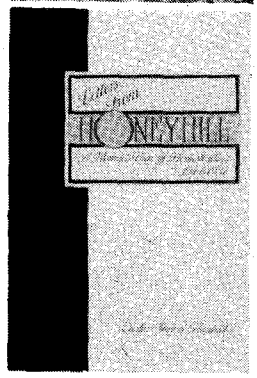

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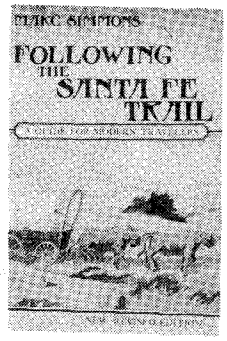

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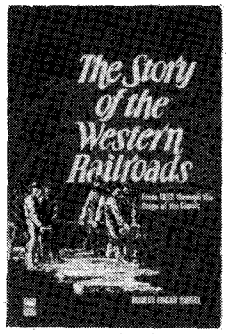

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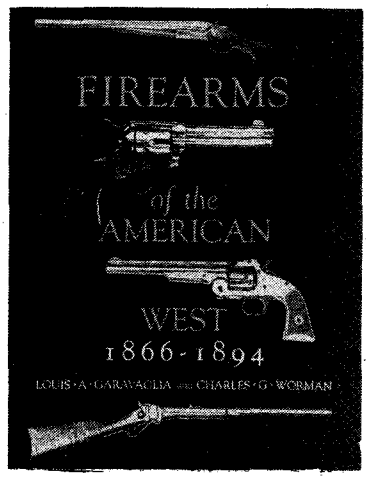

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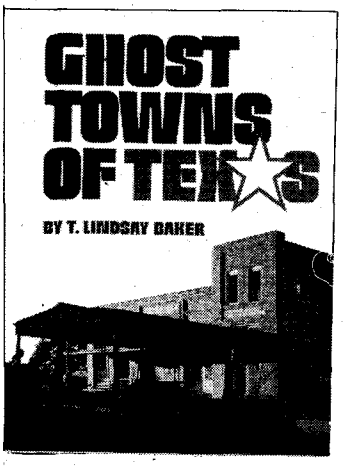

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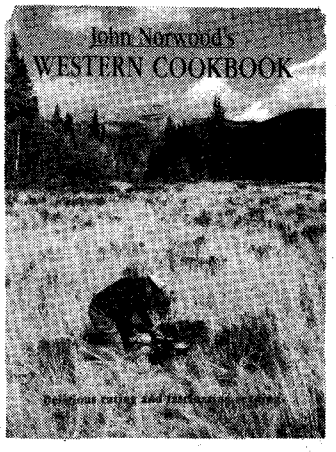

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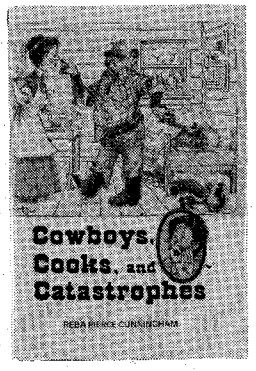

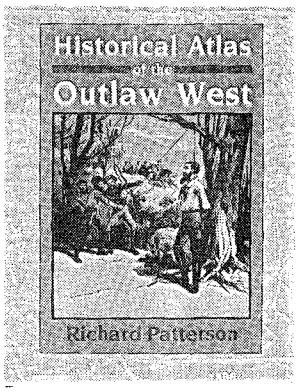

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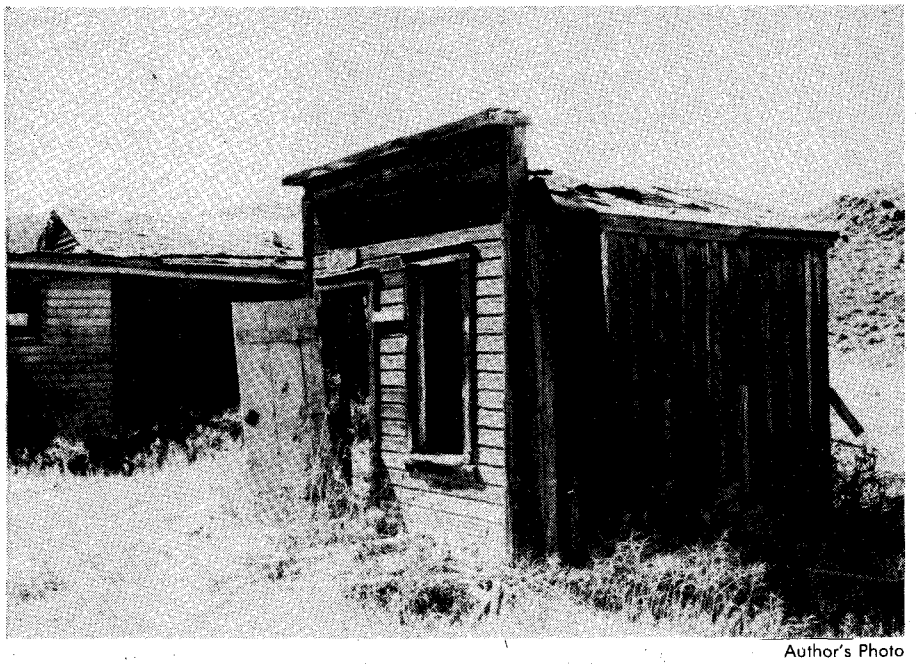
that he could not refuse; he retired to California a rich man.

The new owners did what everyone thought they should do. They spent a lot of money developing the newly acquired property. It was rumored that they spent close to half a million dollars buying and developing it. After a few months of full production, the vein they were following pinched out and was never found again. For all of their investment they recovered only $140,000.

Eventually, the army sent word that tungsten and arsenic were needed in great quantities. Gold Hill was the place to get it. From one glory hole forty-five feet long, fifty feet deep, and fifteen feet wide came more than $80,000 worth of tungsten.

The town's population surged to over 1,500. When the army had stockpiled all of the arsenic and tungsten it could handle, however, it looked like the mines would close again. Folks started to pack up and leave, but the town was saved at the last minute by boll weevils. The cotton fields of the South were almost destroyed by the insects, and large quantities of arsenic were needed to control them. Two and one-half million dollars worth of the poison was extracted from around Gold Hill over a two-year period. If it weren't for Gold Hill's arsenic, the cotton industry could have been wiped out entirely.



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Gold Hill, the thrice-flourishing boomtown, appears finally to have struck out.

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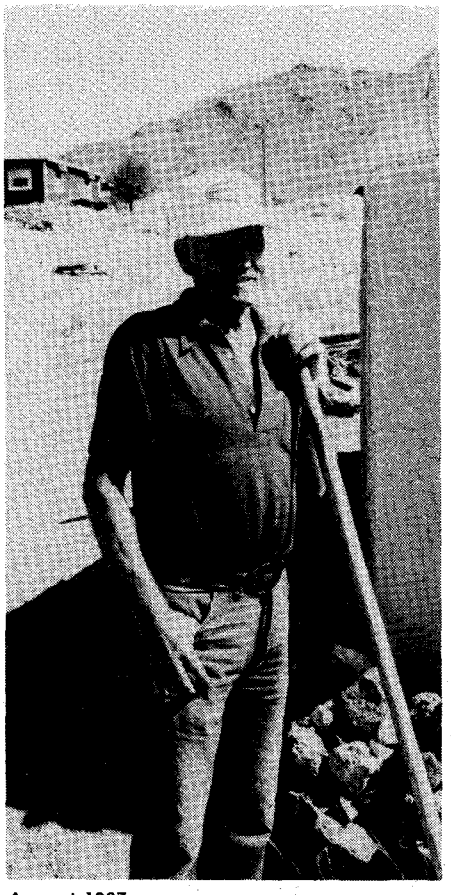

By 1924 the need for arsenic had dropped dramatically, ending the second big boom. Again the miners started leaving in droves. A few carloads of ore a year were sent out on the railroad until about 1938. Then, on July 28, 1939, the last train pulled out of the Gold Hill depot, never to return. In 1940 the tracks were taken up and sold for scrap. That same year all of the mines combined scraped out but one ounce of gold.

With the coming of World War II, the need for Gold Hill's tungsten and arsenic again became critical. Folks came back to work the mines once again. Old buildings were repaired, new apartments and stores were built, new streetlights were erected, and a phone line was strung along fences, trees, and sagebrush into town.

A third boom was swiftly descending upon Gold Hill. Mines that had been closed, some for over twenty years, were reopened. The little town again surged. A pool hall and bowling alley was opened. The local dance hall was filled to capacity every Saturday night. Old residents began to feel secure once again, when in the dead of winter, January 1945, just sixteen months after the government had placed large orders for ore, it ordered the mines the stop production.

The news came hard, but having been miners all their lives, most people just packed up and moved on. A few of the old-timers stayed on. The new apartments were sold, taken down, and moved elsewhere. The next year the school was closed, and three years later the post office sent its last letters.

In 1952 the town census listed a population of five with no businesses still operating.

Since then, a few hardy souls have tried to revive some of the old mines, but most have met with failure. From a hill above the old town, you can look across Gold Hill and beyond, across the salt flats, and marvel at man's ingenuity and ability not only to survive, but to flourish under almost any conditions.

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Bill Holcomb sighted along the length of his muzzle at the monster grizzly. The beast's pelt turned almost golden in the dying light of day. Holcomb squeezed the trigger, and the sharp report startled a jay nearby into loud scolding.

To his chagrin the shot missed the vital spot. The bear roared in pain and turned to face him.

The animal charged. Holcomb's hunting partner, Ben Chateau, hurriedly raised his gun, but the weapon misfired, and the bear lumbered past them into the protection of the darkening forest.

Holcomb and Chateau made camp that night and awoke early to track the wounded animal. Eyes glued to the ground, they followed the tracks up a hillside and over a quartz ledge. There Holcomb spotted something that made him forget about the wounded bear.

It was gold.

The following day, May 5, 1860, Bill Holcomb located the first claim in the largest gold run in Southern California. It was ten years to the day from the spring morning he left his home in Iowa at age nineteen to find his fortune in the goldfields of California.

William Francis Holcomb was one of those nice guys who, up until that fateful day on the grizzly's trail, couldn't seem to convince luck to be on his side. His ten-year search for a gold strike was peppered with failures—dozens of skimpy claims that barely paid their way; months spent tunneling into a worthless quartz vein; more time spent pumping out holes on the

By DINAH ROSE

Billy Hol

Calaveras River that yielded promising prospects, only to have the river flood his work; building an inventive waterwheel which was washed away by high water; and spending a month to construct a wing dam on the Kern River, which was swept away overnight by another sudden rise.

Holcomb was seventeen when gold was discovered in California, but it wasn't until a year later when the boy's

Prospector and Adventurer William Francis Holcomb.

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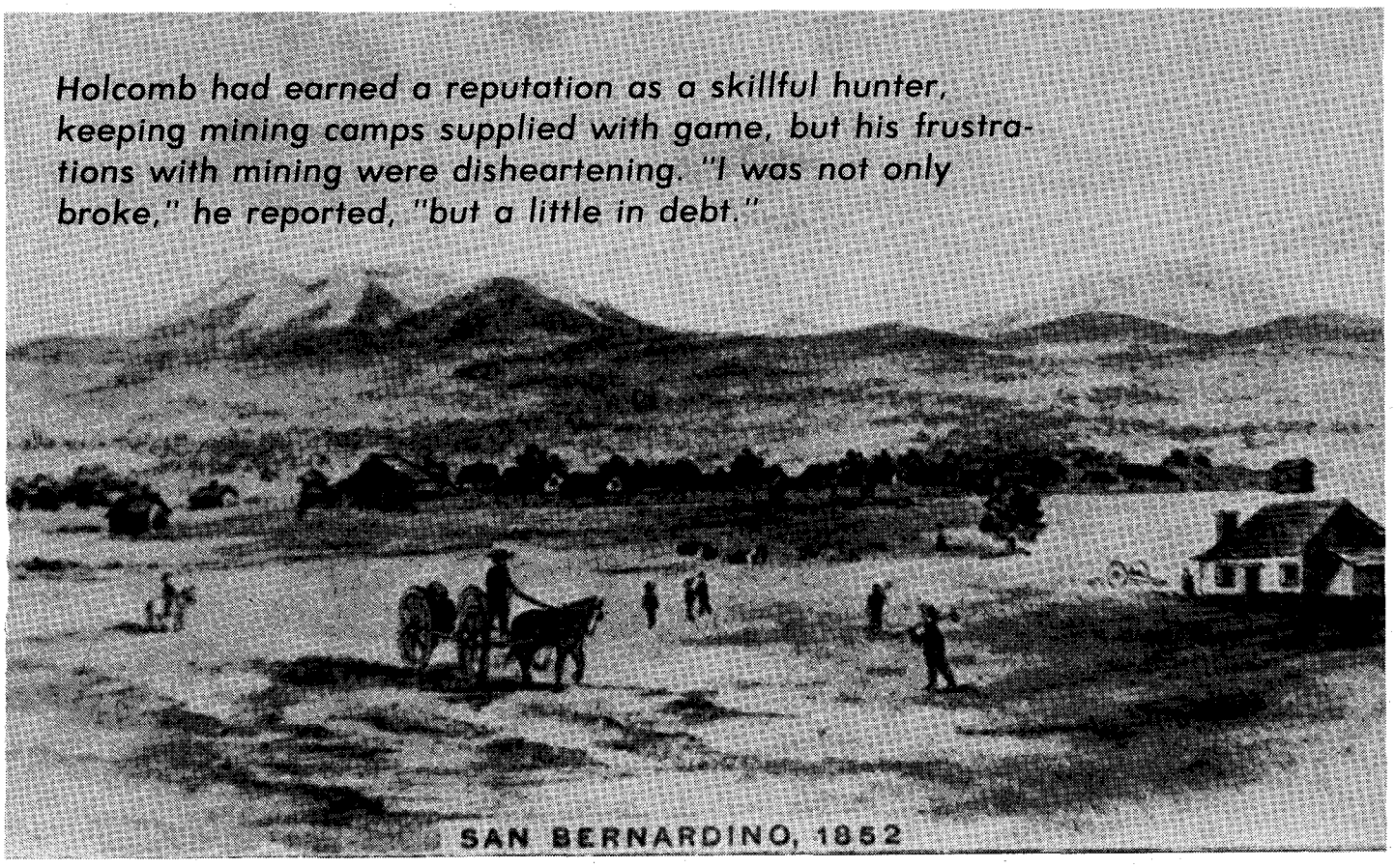

Holcomb had earned a reputation as a skillful hunter, keeping mining camps supplied with game, but his frustrations with mining were disheartening. "I was not only broke," he reported, "but a little in debt."

Archives/Special Collections of A.K. Smiley Public Library, Redlands, California.

San Bernardino in 1852. The mountains behind rise up to 11,500 feet, with Holcomb Valley nestled at the 7000-foot level.

uncle visited him in Iowa with $10,000 of the precious metal mined over a three-month period that he persuaded his mother to let him go to California for a year to make his fortune. Holcomb and his friends Jack Martin and Dave Wall left on May 5, 1850. They filled a covered wagon hitched to three yoke of oxen with provisions, ammunition, clothing, and the other necessities of life, and left with everything but their courage intact.

Holcomb remembered vividly his first night on guard for the wagon train, dubbed the "Prairie Rovers." It was a dreary rainy evening and the wagons had been pulled into a circle, with the cattle corraled inside. Holcomb's shift was to be relieved at midnight, but just before his time was up something spooked the herd, which stampeded through the makeshift corral and into the night. "We used the utmost exertion to bring them to a halt, but amidst the darkness of night and the fearful storm that was raging we soon lost sight of them," he said. "They were gone—we were wet and shivering with cold, and every hoof of stock gone. This was suffering almost beyond endurance." Luck was with the group, however, and the following day they were able to locate the errant livestock, hidden in small groups, and they were on their way.

THROUGHOUT the journey, the young men were watchful for hostile Indians. Despite the fact Holcomb grew up playing with Potawatomi and Sauk Indians, he held a volatile dislike for their "stoical appearance, their low cunning, their treachery, their superstitions, savage blood-thirsty disposition and their heartless cruelties . . . traits in the characters of every tribe I have ever yet known."

It was because of hostile Indians that the young travelers thought their trip had come to an early end when they reached the spot where Brush Creek joined the Platte River. "Here the Indians several hundred strong forbade us to cross, saying they had constructed the bridge and further more that the whites had killed off buffalo and other game, destroyed their pasture, and deprived them of a subsistance; and now they wanted recompense out of us for all the mischief done.

"Their demands couldn't be complied with. It is true that we felt somewhat guilty of those charges, but felt no disposition to turn back. So we held a counsel as hurriedly as possible and resolved to fight our way over.

"So with our arms we started ahead

comb, Hard Luck Miner

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of the teams and teamsters. It was an awful moment. To say the enemy looked savage and formidable gives but a slight idea of their appearance. In fact they appeared frightful as they were going through their wild motions and gestures. To add to the horror of the situation we could hear their savage yells, and answers all along the time.

"Slowly but steadily we continued to advance, for we could not now retreat, until within 30 yards of their front, when we very deliberately presented our arms with a determination of commencing the battle when suddenly, to our great relief, they began to fall back and soon they were in full retreat."

THE COMPANY settled into the routine of travel and made good time until they reached the Green River, where there were many wagons waiting for their turn on the ferry. Holcomb and Martin decided to avoid the line by taking a smaller ferry at the Sublette Cutoff and loaded the wagon aboard the boat. Holcomb was chosen to drive the cattle across the river, so he threw his boots on the ferry. Martin, a stranger from Missouri, and the two ferrymen rode the boat.

The flimsy barge broke apart midstream, plunging passengers and cargo into the swift river. Martin, a strong swimmer, struggled to shore, and the two ferrymen hung onto the wagon until they were rescued downstream. The stranger, however, drowned in the mishap.

That left the two young travelers from Iowa facing 800 miles of deserts and mountains with no supplies, no wagon, and no boots for Holcomb. They drove on through the desert, living for a while on nothing but rosebuds.

When they reached the beginning of a sixty-five-mile-wide desert, they solemnly pledged to each other that if one should die in the crossing, the other would return and bury his friend with his head facing California. In low spirits they started the long walk and after only a quarter-mile came across a large sack in the middle of the road.

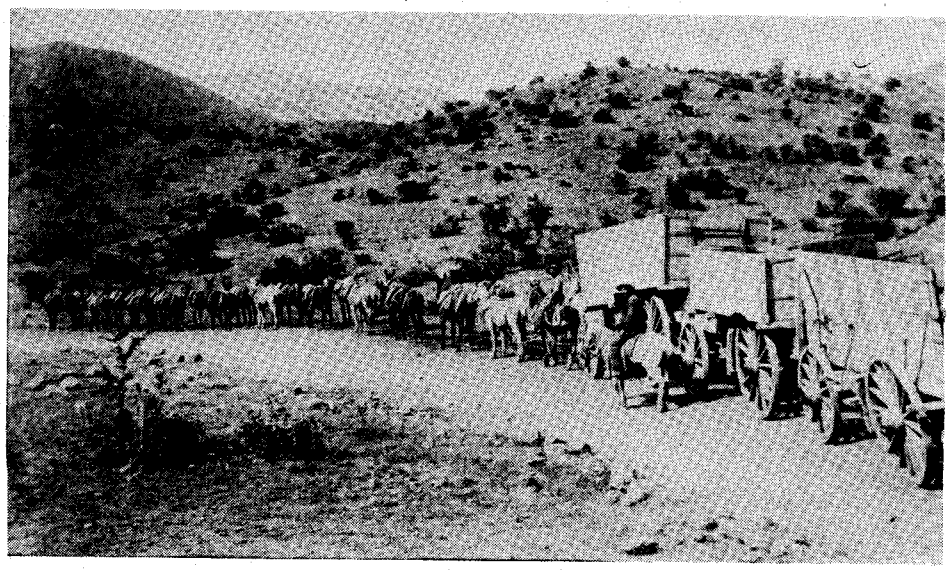
Inside was another miracle—seventy-five pounds of food, including dried apples, rice, crushed sugar, coffee, and cakes of chocolate. Holcomb and Martin loaded themselves up with about twenty pounds of grub, and moved the sack to the edge of the roadway. They then feasted on their first food other than rosebuds in six days.

Still concerned about making their way across the desert, they were pleased to encounter a horseman by the name of Blankinship. They paid him five dollars to haul their belongings across the desert. That night, however, he took off with all their food, leaving the pair again destitute.

Despite the problems the determined boys survived the trek across the desert to the small settlement of Rag Town, where many travelers deserted their wagons to pack the rest of the way over the mountains to California. Holcomb and Martin were able to buy food and cooking utensils there and to recover somewhat from the arduous journey.

Thinking they were at last close to their destination, the weary pair rested only a day at Rag Town before setting off over the Sierra Nevadas. They had

Archives/Special Collections of A.K. Smiley Public Library, Redlands, California.
Quartz mill in the Holcomb Valley, built in 1872.



Archives/Special Collections of A.K. Smiley Public Library, Redlands, California.
Mule team taking ore from a silver mine in the desert north of Holcomb Valley in 1882.

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nothing, not even blankets to sleep under, and only their determination kept them going.

"We would travel 'til we got tired then lie down and sleep 'til we got cold, when we would get up and travel on again," said Holcomb. "And so we traveled day and night 'til we got through. On crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains, it was so cold that we had to keep on traveling nearly all the time. Although it was in August, yet we passed over snow 30 feet deep and perhaps deeper."

Finally, on August 28, 1850, nearly four months after leaving Iowa, the two men reached the mining settlement of Hang Town (now known as Placerville), where at last they could begin their search for gold and fortune.

Bill Holcomb and Jack Martin found it wasn't as easy to find jobs in Hang Town as they had hoped, for the mines were for the most part worked out. After their journey, they were down to seventy-five cents between them, and they were greeted by such signs as "Mush and milk, $150 per bowl."

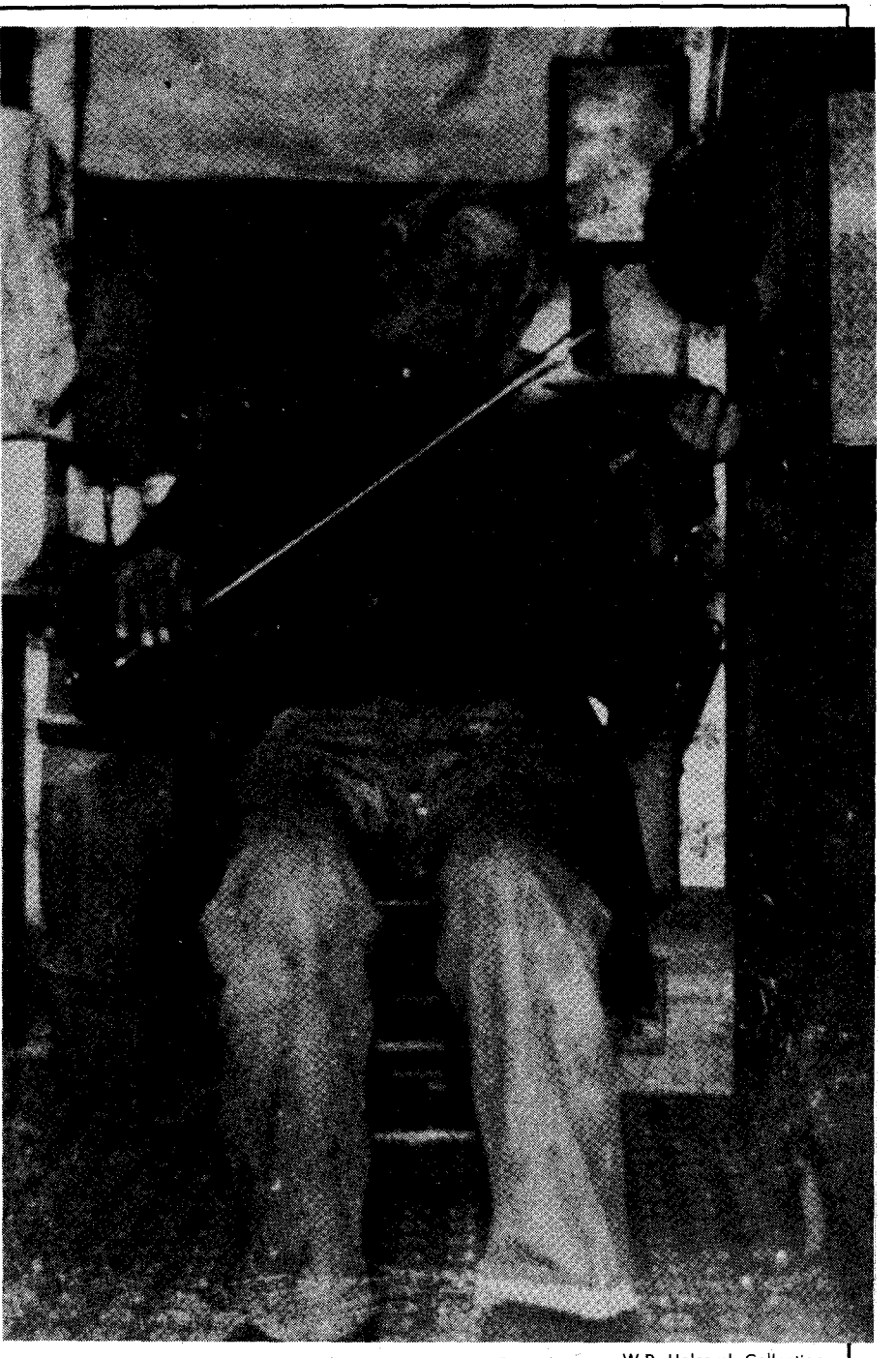
THEY TRIED unsuccessfully to file a claim. Finally in despair, they went to a local hotel and offered the owner the last of their money for whatever food it would buy. The man took a close look at them and instead gave them some crackers and bacon and told them to keep their savings.

The pair had heard some miners were having success on the Cosumnes River, so they traveled there, where they were thrilled with their luck. They found a large deposit of sparkling rock on their first try, and gathering up a handful in a leaf, they took off to the nearest shop to buy some food.

Their high spirits were dashed when the storekeeper only laughed at their pile of "gold dust." The young prospectors were incensed, thinking the store owner was a robber and thief not to take their gold in payment. They stood outside the shop and argued about what they should do, when the storekeeper came out and convinced them all they had was worthless mica.

The kindhearted man then offered to give them food and tools in exchange for half of whatever they could make, an offer they quickly accepted. Holcomb and Martin spent the morning painstakingly digging through the hard clay, and their new boss taught them how to pan. The net result of their first try was $1 in gold dust.

After a few weeks they moved on to an area called Rancheria, where they



W.R. Holcomb Collection

Billy Holcomb, about 1900.

It ain't no use t' talk t' me
'Bout Paderoosky and his class,
For when it comes to classic art
I've got to let it by me pass,
My ears wa'nt trained for them fuggees
That make such a dreadful din,
But I can listen by the hour
T' ol man Holcomb's violin.

Th' music that I love th' best
Is them ol' tunes that's locked within
The strings stretched tight across of bridge
Of ol' man Holcomb's violin.

First verse of "Ol' Man Holcomb's Violin," an anonymous poem.

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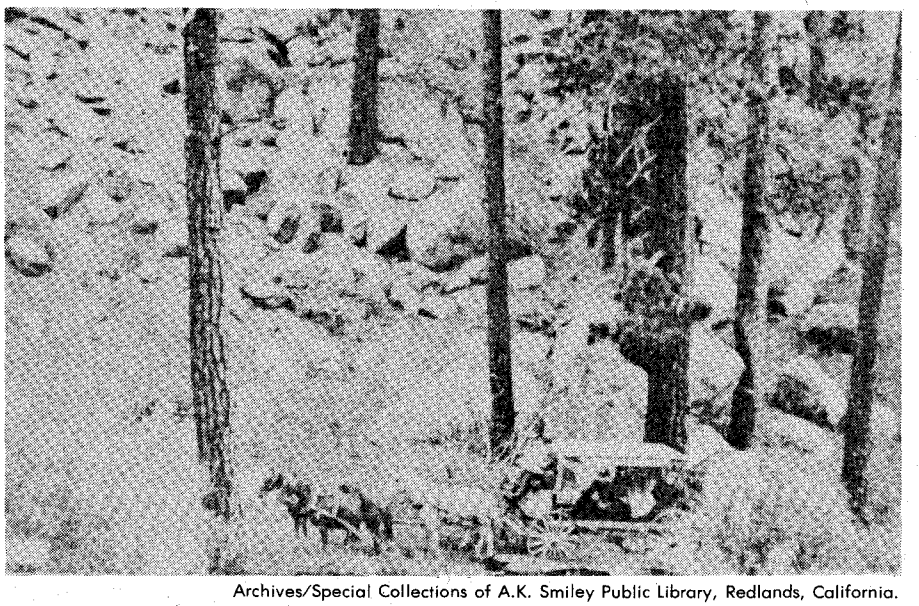
The San Bernardino Pioneer Society (above) in front of the Pioneer log cabin in 1910. Holcomb, who addressed the group, is at the right center. A stage trip to Bluff Lake (below) was photographed about 1908.



Archives/Special Collections of A.K. Smiley Public Library, Redlands, California.

had little luck, and from there to Amador. Again, their luck was poor, and the camp was infested with body lice. "The very dust was alive with them and the clothing and blankets in all the stores literally swarmed with them. We were annoyed a great deal by those filthy pests," said Holcomb. A storekeeper sold them some mercurial ointment, and after burning all their old clothes, they found they could stay reasonably comfortable by boiling their clothes and blankets twice a week.

For the next seven years, Holcomb traveled throughout the California gold country, meeting with one failure after another. His time spent in Nevada City was typical—after a year's work, he left the town with ten dollars in his pocket. He and his friend Jack Martin met up several times, and upon occasion tried other areas of work. But the gold fever always won out, and doggedly they would try again.

By 1858, Holcomb was twenty-seven. He had earned a reputation as a skillful hunter, keeping mining camps supplied with venison, antelope, bear, and grouse, but his frustrations with mining were disheartening. "I was not only broke, but a little in debt," he reported. "We had dammed Kern River for mining purposes, and now we felt like damning it out of existence for other purposes. But miners are not easily discouraged as a general thing, so we were not long in making up our minds to leave that part of the country and we did leave it and I have never been back since."

While in Los Angeles, Holcomb and Martin heard about a place called Bear Valley in San Bernardino County, about which little was known except that there was a great deal of game, especially grizzlies, and that there had been a little gold found in the area.

San Bernardino is about sixty miles east of Los Angeles, with Bear Valley a remote mountain hideaway nearly 7,000 feet above sea level. Today, it's a popular ski resort area for Southern Californians, but in Holcomb's day only the Indians and a few hardy hunters visited the picturesque spot.

Martin left his family in Los Angeles, and the two old friends struck out for San Bernardino. They got directions to Bear Valley along the way, and followed the Santa Ana River to Converse Place, near what is now Seven Oaks, where they spent the night.

The next day they urged their horses through deep snow, spending long hours struggling and plunging up the steep climb. That evening they found themselves over the crest into Bear Valley, where they encountered a small group of men getting ready to work a gulch. At the time, that was the only type of mining going on in the area.

IT WAS FEBRUARY 1860 and Holcomb was twenty-nine years old. He helped keep the camp supplied with venison, as the bear were still in hibernation, but again the mining was without major success. Out of frustration, the area the men had chosen to work was dubbed "Starvation Flats."

"So far we had not found any gold," said Holcomb. "Our provisions, except venison, were exhausted and the outlook for us was gloomy indeed. Jack Martin was now determined in the morning to leave Bear Valley and return to his family in Los Angeles, for I was determined to stay at least until the bear should come out of their dens.

"We were about to separate and both of us felt gloomy, but as the last effort here, we strolled up to the top of the little hill nearby, where there was a small quartz ledge. On our way up there I said to Martin, 'We have prospected every likely place in the valley, now let us try the hillside where we are sure there is no gold.'

"To this, Martin objected at first, but I insisted and shoveled up a pan of dirt off the naked bedrock, pine leaves and all; and Martin took it down to the foot of the hill to pan it out.

"In the meantime I sat down to wait for him to return. These few minutes were about the saddest of my life. What

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was to be done, the future looked dark and dismal enough.

"Casting my eyes down to the foot of the hill I beheld Martin busy with his pan of dirt, apparently excited about something. Soon he began to make rapid steps toward me. What was the cause of his excitement? He fairly ran up to me, exhibiting about 10 cents of fine gold dust; and taking another pan of dirt to wash, soon returned with about the same amount of gold."

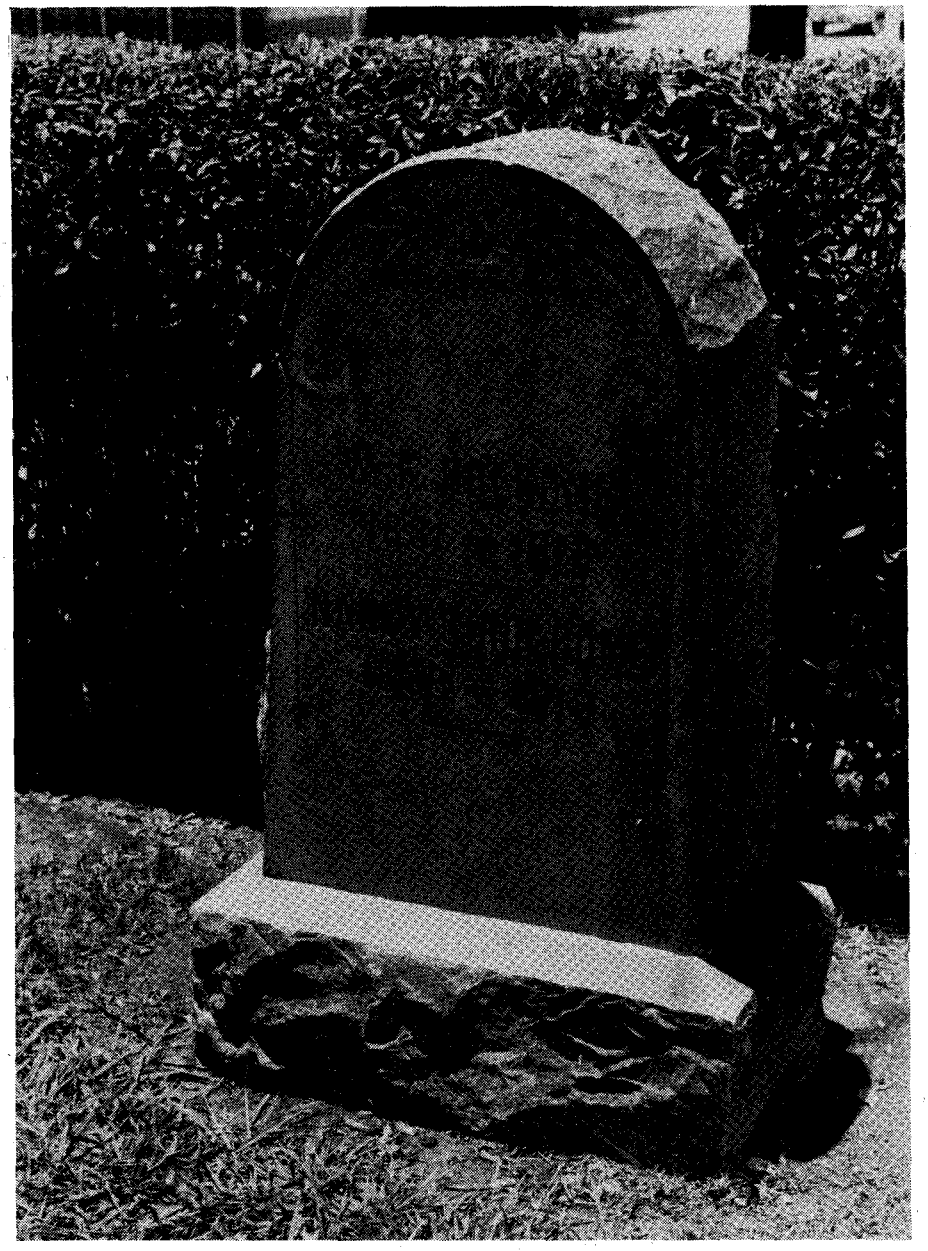
They found they could make from four to five dollars a day, and all their plans changed. Martin left to fetch his family from Los Angeles. When he paid for some provisions along the way with gold dust, the word was out that gold had been found in Bear Valley. It was a modest claim, but enough to keep miners in the valley in the hope that a more substantial strike would be found.

ONE DAY while out hunting, Holcomb spotted a green valley just to the north. He went back a few days later and killed two grizzlies there. Holcomb decided to check out the area as a prospecting site and talked his friend, Ben C. Chateau, into spending a couple of days with him in what is now Holcomb Valley. It was on that exploratory trip that the monster grizzly was shot and Holcomb discovered the valley was rich with gold deposits.

Seven weeks after the first claims were filed in "Holcomb Valley," an article in the Los Angeles *Star* reported that 300 men were working in the area, and that a small town already boasted a general store, a grocery, and a blacksmith shop. Holcomb was named the town's first justice of the peace.

The town grew to 1,500 by the summer of 1861, making it second in size only to Los Angeles in Southern California. It was a rough-and-ready time in the settlement, which was nicknamed "The Hell Hole of the Mountains" by upstanding citizens down the hill. Gambling on bear-and-bull fights and on countless impromptu horse races was common. Differences were often solved with a gun. Holcomb wrote years later that the promise of instant wealth attracted the "very worst characters, saloons, gambling dens . . . and our once peaceful and quiet valley seemed to be turned into a regular rendezvous for the very worst element of society."

Holcomb left the rigors of the mining community that winter for the relative luxury of civilization in San Bernardino. His bad luck returned, however, when his house was destroyed by a flood in 1862, leaving him destitute. He went back to the mountains that summer, earning enough to pay off his debts.



Author's Photo

Bill Holcomb is buried with his wife, Nancy, at the Pioneer Memorial Cemetery in San Bernardino, California.

In 1863 he spent a year hunting and mining in the area of Prescott, Arizona, and on returning to San Bernardino worked in the mountain lumber camps for four years. In 1871, at the age of forty, Holcomb was elected county assessor, an office he held three terms. He was elected county clerk in 1882 and then entered the business community.

His family has remained active in local politics, the old prospector's legacy. His grandson Grant Holcomb served as mayor of San Bernardino, as did his great-grandson W.R. Bob Holcomb until two years ago. The tough-luck miner was buried in 1912 in Pioneer Cemetery, looking up at the mountains where the beautiful valley in which he discovered fame and fortune still bears his name.

SOURCES

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_____. "Reminiscences and History of Holcomb Valley." Transcript of a talk given to the San Bernardino Society of California Pioneers, Feb. 23, 1900.

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When George R. Jowell returned from a Kansas cattle drive to find his home burned to the ground by Comanches and his family missing, he vowed to build a house in which his family would be protected while he was away.

That house—carved of 90 tons of limestone and sandstone—couldn't be burned by Indians. The second-floor sleeping quarters doubled as an observation deck. From gun ports that faced the horse corrals, he and his family, which survived the earlier Indian raid, could scan the countryside to pick off approaching pillagers.

That was in the 1870s and Jowell's fortress, known as the Joly House because of his cattle brand, protected his family until they moved around 1900 from Palo Pinto County, Texas, northwestward to the High Plains in Deaf Smith County, Texas.

Today, rather than providing protection, the Joly House is being protected at the Ranching Heritage Center (RHC) of The Museum of Texas Tech University as a monument to the courage of frontier settlers who had nothing and no one to rely on but themselves.

The Joly House is one of more than thirty authentically restored structures which tell the story of ranching—from the days of the free range to the affluence of the early 1900s—at the fourteen-acre outdoor exhibit in Lubbock, Texas. Walking along the self-guided trails of the RHC is like going back in time to vicariously live the successes and failures, the joys and heartaches, the ingenuity and hardships of pioneers who built the nation's ranching

By BEVERLY TAYLOR

Texas Ranching He

Texas Tech University Memorializes Pioneering

Texas Tech Photo

A Victorian-style home was built in 1909 at Bartonsite, a town which Joseph J. Barton hoped would thrive when the railroad went through. The railroad was not built through Bartonsite, and the ready-made community was moved. The home remained an example of the relative affluence of early twentieth century ranchers.

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industry by pushing into uncharted lands where their cattle could graze.

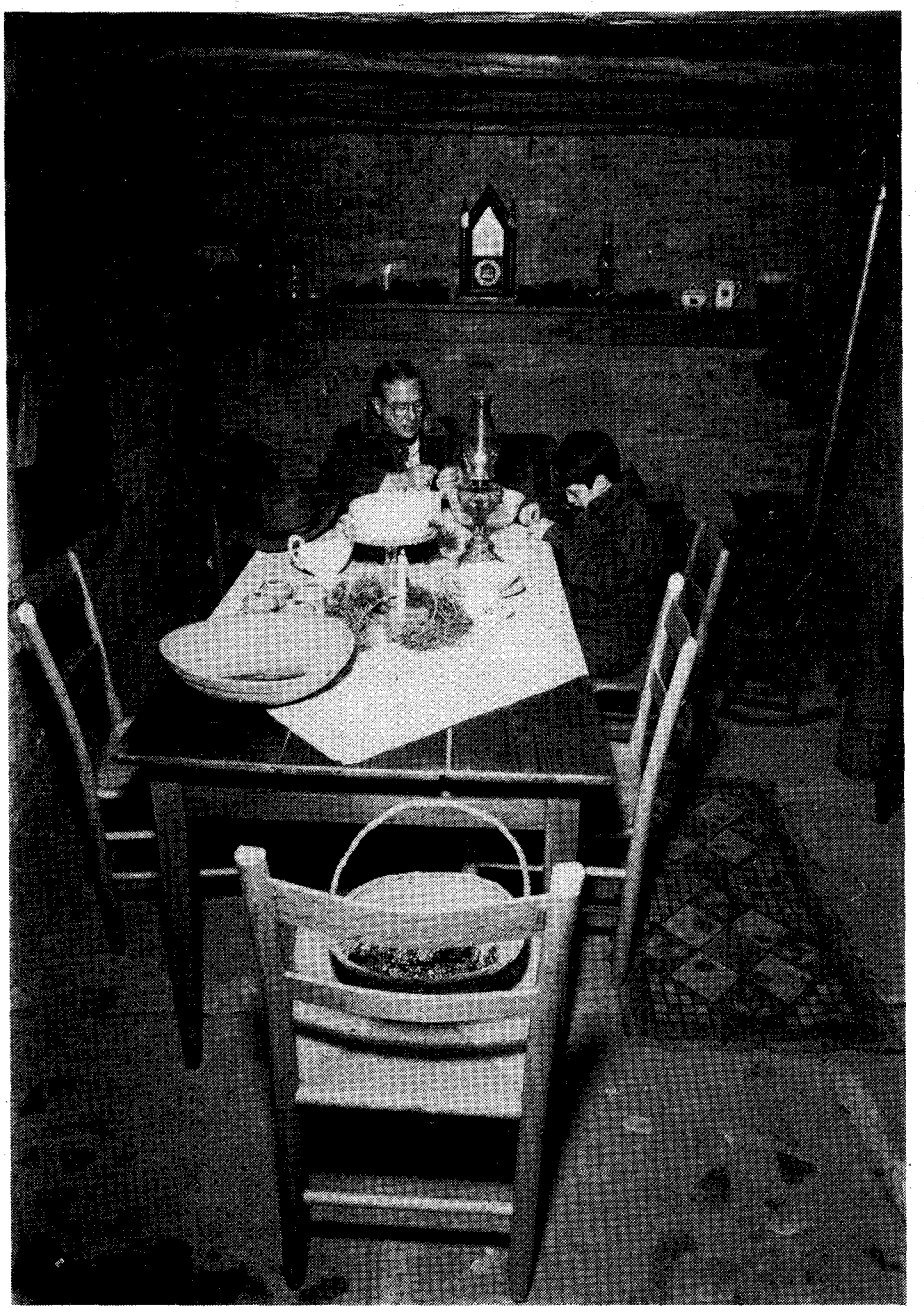
Imagining is easy at the ranch, where the buildings look as though their occupants left only a minute ago to attend to something pressing and any second will return to finish the jobs they left half done. On special occasions and Sundays, May through October, docents dressed in clothing representative of the buildings' histories are stationed there to give life to the structures and to provide information about the buildings to visitors.

ritage
Cattle Growers

Landscaping and plants native to the area and era from which the buildings came distinguish the buildings from one another. Berms, or hills, wind along the outside of the site and are a dominant feature during the first leg of the trail, where the older buildings are located. In the center of the exhibit, where the buildings are linked to more recent ranching operations, the land is level. The berms and the way they taper off are intricate details representative of ranching's birth in the Texas hill country and its progression to the plains.

Just as the buildings represent the best shelter cowboys and cattlemen could make for themselves at the time, the berms also shelter visitors' views from the Lubbock skyline and the sprawling Texas Tech University and Texas Tech University Health Sciences Center just across the highway.

The structures tell a thousand stories—stories of their own construction, architectural techniques, the economic state, the growth of ranching and, perhaps most importantly, of the pioneers themselves.



Texas Tech Photo

George Jowell built a house of stone in the 1870s to protect his family from Indians. Today, the home is being protected at the Ranching Heritage Center. Volunteers in period costumes give life to RHC structures on special occasions.

EL CAPOTE CABIN

American ranching was born in the 1700s when the Spanish brought cattle north from Mexico for food at missions and frontier settlements.

El Capote Cabin, built on land owned by French immigrant Jose de la Baume around 1830, represents those early days when ranching flourished along the coast of Texas. The log cabin was hewn out of elm and pecan trees to serve as headquarters for de la Baume's El Capote Ranch on the Guadalupe River. The 2600-acre ranch was forty-five miles northeast of San Antonio.

The crude cabin, with its one room and wooden floor, also tells of America as the melting pot with ties to homelands and new loyalties.

Count de la Baume was a French nobleman who was a captain under LaFayette in the Revolutionary War. He was at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered. After the war, he lived in Louisiana, which was then a Spanish colony. When the French Revolution broke out, he served as an officer in the Spanish army rather than pledging to his French ancestry.

When Spain gave Louisiana back to France in 1800, de la Baume promptly moved across the border to Nacogdoches. In 1806, he was granted six leagues of land around El Capote spring on the Guadalupe River. The cabin may have been built that early, but most likely not by de la Baume, who was fairly old by then. The shelter was probably built by French Smith, an early Texas settler and famous Indian

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fighter who was de la Baume's tenant from 1820 to 1845.

During the revolution in Texas in 1813, de la Baume, by then a successful rancher and businessman, lived in the largest house in San Antonio. In the uprising, almost everything he had was taken—including his deed to El Capote Ranch. His ownership wasn't re-established until the late 1820s through the efforts of his friend and lawyer, Stephen F. Austin.

HEDWIGS HILL CABIN

Some settlers had better luck with Indians than George Jowell did. One was Louis Martin, who was among the first of around 7,000 Germans who came from their homeland to the Texas hill country in 1855. Martin and the others had planned to become citizens of the Texas Republic, but when they arrived, the Republic no longer existed, and promises for transportation to the hill country which had been made to them were void.

Determined to make the journey from the coast inland, they sold their possessions to hire transportation. Once there, Martin bought for his family a house built by John Kline in 1853 and named it and the mound on which it stood for his oldest daughter, Hedwig, the first white child born in Fredricksburg.

Martin became a leader in the new community, serving as postmaster and sheriff, and Hedwigs Hill Cabin was a commercial center, post office, and stopping place for travelers and military units. His dealings with Indians were extraordinary. Indians helped him fight off white marauders and they taught his daughter to ride a horse. But Indians weren't the only hazards of the frontier. In 1864 Martin was hanged with his own rope near Eagle Pass by white outlaws who stole the gold he was carrying to buy supplies in Mexico. The story goes that the bushwackers rode to Martin's home, told his widow they had killed him and then ordered her to cook a meal for them.

The cabin represents the second phase of frontier construction—two cabins connected by a central passageway, or "dog-run." The open space was built to provide ventilation to the two parts of the house, but dogs frequently made the shaded areas their home. Kline used a broadaxe to cut notches in the logs. They were cut so precisely that the only nails necessary, and those were square ones, were in the door facings, which probably were added years later. The walls were plastered one to two inches thick with mud and grass, and rock chinking was dumped between the logs.

Texas Tech Photo

Louis Martin, one of the first German immigrants to settle in the Texas hill country, bought "Hedwig's Hill Cabin" for his family. It consisted of two cabins connected by a central passageway or "dog-run."

SLAUGHTER TWO-STORY DUGOUT

By the early 1900s, ranching had moved to the plains of Texas and other midwestern states. It was the day of the free range.

When C.C. Slaughter was twelve, he was making a hand with cattle on the Patroon Bayou-Sabine River divide. At seventeen, he began buying lumber in Anderson County and selling it in Dallas. With his profits, he bought wheat in Collin County, made it into flour and sold it in Magnolia. He bought cattle with the $520 he cleared from the ventures.

In 1887, Slaughter founded his Long S Ranch at the headwaters of the Colorado River in Texas. He had other ranches at Silver Lake and Running Water.

By around 1900, he had established the Lazy S Ranch, which sprawled over Hockley and Cochran counties. In 1901, he told his son George, the ranch manager, to build something cheap and small to serve as a line camp for the ranch headquartered at Whiteface in Cochran County.

George built a half dugout thirteen miles from headquarters. Some time before 1912, a box and strip upper level was added, making it a two-story dugout. Box and strip construction, the first construction technique in which ranchers used lumber, involved boxing planks placed vertically and nailed to frames on the top and bottom. Narrower wooden strips were nailed to the outside of the box to cover the joints where the planks connected. The roof was usually flat.

The dugout and the way it evolved into two levels is reminiscent of plains pioneers who often dug their first home out of the ground and used it for shelter until enough lumber could be obtained to add the second floor.

The underground level was a kitchen-dining room and the upstairs was the bedroom-living room. Though the accommodations were crude and uncom-

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fortable, the land in which they were dug was prime for cattle-raising, which motivated the pioneer ranchers to endure.

C.C. Slaughter, by the 1890s, had perhaps the largest individual cattle operation in the Southwest. Throughout his career he worked to improve Texas cattle breeds by importing high quality bulls to cross with his cows. He also built an empire of banking, insurance, and urban real estate.

BARTON HOUSE

As ranching grew and the railroads expanded their lines, small communities began springing up at centers of activity.

Joseph J. Barton, the first Barton born in Texas, moved his family to Hale County, Texas, in 1891 with the dream that the railroad would pass through the home section of the T.L. Ranch, which he operated. He sank his mind and money into building Bartonsite, a community which included a school, church, store, hotel, lumberyard, three rent houses, and his family home—the Barton House.

Three rival railroad lines were expected to cross Hale County. Only the Santa Fe Railway survived, and it built through Abernathy, fourteen miles east of Bartonsite. Quickly accepting that Bartonsite would never thrive, Barton moved what he could of the planned community to Abernathy.

Barton House, which was built in 1909, remained at Bartonsite. Barton had wanted to prove that with initiative and hard work the richness of the land could be turned into riches for the pioneer. Though Bartonsite failed because of happenstance, Barton overcame the blow and continued to prosper. Today at the RHC and for seventy years before it was moved, it stood as his testimonial.

The home, which Barton designed after his grandfather's Victorian-style home in Calvert where he was reared, is a striking contrast to most RHC buildings. The three-story green and white dwelling signifies the relative affluence many ranchers experienced with the dawn of the new century.

The cowboys had it made with their land staked and fences up. They became cattle barons and splurged after years of making do. The house represents advancing technology, railroad tracks which by then crisscrossed the country, and a state of relative ease after years of hardship.

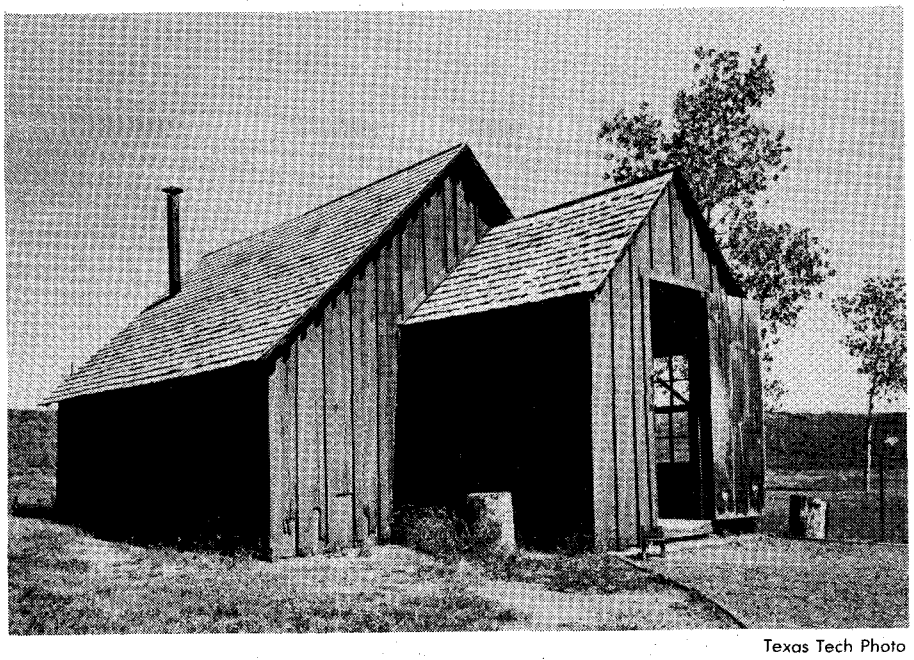
The home includes elegant features and furnishings—a stereoscope, oak piano, phonograph, golden oak sofa and armchairs, a black Majestic cooking range and wood-burning stove, two staircases, heated running water, two indoor restrooms, and acetylene lighting.

Other RHC buildings and structures tell of education on the frontier in the one-room school, the ingenuity of pioneers as they worked to make their lives more productive and comfortable, the influence of foreign owners and investment companies, the benefits of the windmill, the impetus of railroading, and the growth of ranching into a major industry.

The Ranching Heritage Center is open from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Mondays through Saturdays and from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. Sundays, except on major holidays. For more information, contact The Museum, Ranching Heritage Center, Texas Tech University, Box 4499, Lubbock, Texas 79409 or (806) 742-2498.

Texas Tech Photo

On special occasions, RHC docents inhabit the fourteen-acre complex and perform activities typical of early ranching days. A docent explains frontier cooking to visitors.



Texas Tech Photo

The Slaughter Two-Story Dugout was built as a line camp on the Lazy S Ranch in Cochran County, Texas. The dugout portion was made in 1901. Sometime before 1912, the box and strip upper level was added.

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By BILL O'NEAL

One-Eyed Jacks

Marlon Brando has made only a few ventures into Westerns during his storied and controversial career. In 1952 he was nominated for an Oscar as the Mexican revolutionary Emiliano Zapata in *Viva Zapata*. *The Appaloosa* was a beautifully-photographed but often confused and tedious 1966 film. A decade later Brando, by now grossly overweight, hammily portrayed a psychotic killer modeled on Tom Horn in *The Missouri Breaks*.

By far Brando's best effort came in 1960, when he directed and starred in *One-Eyed Jacks*. Based on a 1956 novel by Charles Neider, *The Authentic Death of Hendry Jones*, the story presents a loose version of the Billy the Kid saga, although the names of the characters are changed and the locale is switched from New Mexico to California. In 1880 a trio of bank robbers, Rio (Brando), Dad Longworth (Karl Malden), and Doc (Hank Worden), are cornered by the law. Doc is killed and Rio and Dad are ringed in by a posse. While Rio holds off the lawmen, Dad rides away with the gold, supposedly to bring back fresh horses. But Dad heads for safety and reestablishes himself as a respected law officer, while Rio, abandoned, is captured and sent to prison.

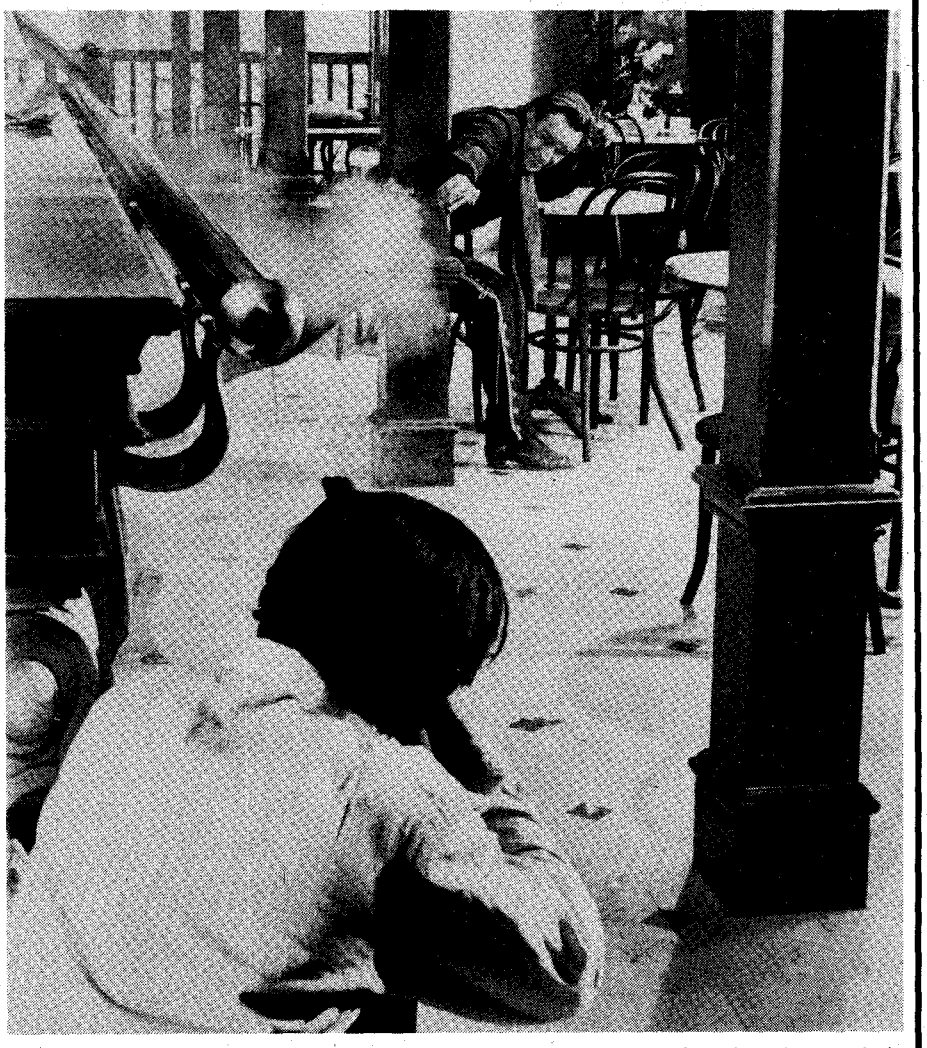
After five years Rio and his cellmate, Modesto (effectively played by Larry Duran), escape and join two other hardcases in a plan to rob the bank in Dad's town. But after a well-staged gunfight in a saloon, Dad bullwhips Rio and crushes his gunhand.

"You're dying to get me hung," remarks Rio.

"No, Kid," smiles Dad. "You've been dying to get yourself hung, and I think this time you're going to make it."

Rio is jailed and taunted by a malicious guard, Lon (played by Slim Pickens), who clearly is based on Bob Olinger. Just as Olinger tormented Billy the Kid, then was shotgunned during an escape, Pickens' character—maligned by Rio as a "scum-suckin' tub of guts"—meets a similar grisly fate. Although Modesto is treacherously murdered, Brando rehabilitates his gunhand after his bloody escape, then dispatches Dad in the showdown.

Director Brando, concerned with arty effects and always a perfectionist, reshot scene after scene and more than tripled the original budget. Brando's version was muddled and ran a mammoth five hours, but the studio cut the film to 141 minutes. Still long, *One-Eyed Jacks* is magnificently filmed and contains excellent action scenes. Members of the strong supporting cast include Pickens, Katy Jurado as Dad's wife, and Ben Johnson as a vicious, cowardly, bigoted outlaw. Rio is tough, quiet, determined, vengeful—a multi-sided individual who is by far Brando's most interesting Western characterization. Although many critics dealt harshly with the movie, most Western buffs will enjoy viewing *One-Eyed Jacks*.



Marlon Brando shoots it out with a drunken bully in *One-Eyed Jacks*. The gunfight resembled an 1889 shootout in Tascosa, Texas. Sheriff Jim East ducked behind a column in the famous Equity Bar to gun down gambler Tom Clark.

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The Women Who Haunt the Fort

By KIT COLLINGS
Illustrated by BUD McCAULLEY

Brings Water's spirit never left Fort Laramie. When the north wind blows on dark nights, she rides one of her white ponies and leads the other. Their hooves crunch the gravel as they pass the sutler's store on the way to the officers' quarters. There Brings Water calls and waits for an answer.

Sometimes the old buildings of forts are said to be haunted by the spirits of the men who inhabited them. But Fort Laramie is haunted by two women. In life, both of the ghostly ladies were young, beautiful, and good horsewomen. One was white, one was Indian.

On a beautiful fall day in 1871, several of Fort Laramie's young officers went hunting for wolves. One of them, Lieutenant P.W. Allison, had recently graduated from West Point and had just arrived at the post. With him he had brought his Thoroughbred and his Russian wolfhound.

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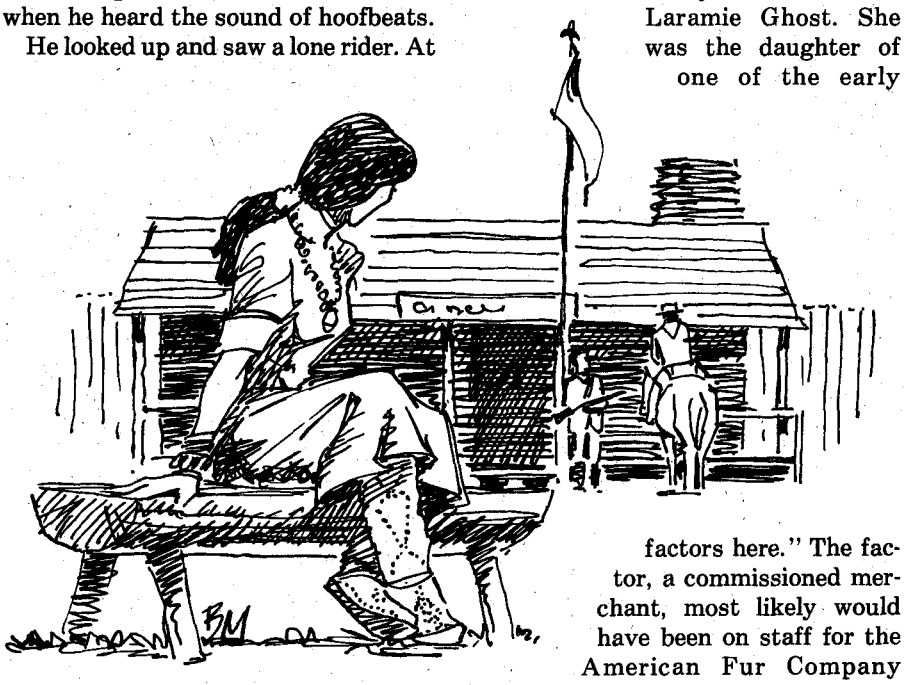
Allison's hound sighted a wolf, and the chase was on. The young lieutenant's fine mare quickly outdistanced the other mounts, and he was alone with the sound of his horse's hooves pounding the prairie. Eventually he looked around for his companions, but they were nowhere in sight.

Evidently Allison was temporarily misplaced. He spotted a mail coach and worked his way down to the trail it followed. As he started downhill, his horse began favoring her right foreleg. Allison stopped and was removing a stone lodged under the mare's shoe when he heard the sound of hoofbeats.

He looked up and saw a lone rider. At first he stiffened with alarm, as he thought it was an Indian waving a signal blanket. But then he realized the rider was mounted side-saddle and wore a dark green, old-fashioned riding habit. Her hat sported a long feather, and her quirt glinted in the sun.



Thinking the woman either was in trouble or had newly arrived at the post and did not understand the danger she was in, Allison hastily mounted and pursued her. Following the sound of the hoofbeats to the top of the hill, he clearly saw the rider and her black horse. He dashed after her. Her quirt glittered as she whipped her big mount and then disappeared behind a small rise. When he reached the brow of the hill, only lonely prairie stretched before him. There was no horse and rider!

As Allison searched for tracks, his great wolfhound cowered beside him. The normally proud dog whined and put his tail between his legs.

Allison's search was finally interrupted by a shout. One of his fellow officers was approaching him from a ridge to the south. As he neared, the other lieutenant ribbed Allison for allowing a lady to give him the "go by." The new arrival soon grew quiet, however, as the two looked vainly for tracks. There was no trace of the beautiful rider.

Back at the fort after dinner, Allison inquired if there were such a lady as he had seen at the post. He was assured there was not. Haltingly, afraid he would be the butt of the others' jokes, Allison told them of the rider he had seen.

In a soft but authoritative voice, the commandant said, "Well, Allison, you have just seen the Laramie Ghost. She was the daughter of one of the early factors here." The factor, a commissioned merchant, most likely would have been on staff for the American Fur Company forty years earlier when Fort Laramie was a trading post.

Reluctant to believe in ghosts, Allison continued to inquire about the young lady. Finally he asked an old Indian woman who was said to have been at the fort at the same time as the factor's daughter. The toothless woman smirked at him and described the young woman's attire that day when she had ridden out on her black horse for the last time—an old-fashioned green riding habit, a jeweled quirt, and a feathered hat!

According to the Indian woman, the factor's daughter had been schooled in the East and was an accomplished horsewoman. The factor had instructed his daughter never to ride out of the fort alone. He had even ordered his assistants to be sure that she never did so. But one day when he was away from the fort, she slipped out and rode down the Oregon Trail and was never seen again.

The old woman informed Allison that the ghost had been seen every seven years. He finally let the matter rest until some years later when he was taking a train ride through Wyoming and heard some cowboys talking about a rancher who had seen the Fort Laramie ghost. Then he knew the beautiful horsewoman had, indeed, appeared to others.

About the time the factor's daughter disappeared, another, unrelated, incident happened near the fort. An Indian boy who would be known as Spotted Tail was born in 1833. Because of his fighting prowess he would rise to the status of chief. He won his wife in a duel, and their firstborn daughter would be destined to haunt Fort Laramie.

Born in 1848, Spotted Tail's child was known by many names—Fleet Foot, Falling Leaf, Ah-ho-appa, Princess, and Mini-aku, which translates as Brings Water. One of her first memories probably would have been seeing her father lead their people against Lieutenant John L. Grattan when she was about six. A year after the "Grattan Massacre," General William S. Harney would retaliate at Ash Hollow. Afterward, Spotted Tail and other chiefs gave themselves up so their tribe would be spared.

BRINGS WATER joined her father at Fort Leavenworth. There the officers and their wives made a pet of her, and afterward she would remain fond of visiting military posts.

When Spotted Tail regained his freedom, the tribe made their hunting grounds near Fort Laramie. Brings Water was quite a tomboy and refused to do the menial work performed by the women of the tribe. Dressing in buckskins like an Indian man, she became an expert horsewoman and preferred to carry a gun and knife. Once, she cut a Blackfoot when he tried to carry her off.

Spotted Tail and Brings Water once visited Jack Morrow's ranch. Brings Water was treated in fine style and ate a bushel of candy and sardines, but her father was insulted by some drunken fellow and went away boiling mad. He said he never would go among white men again, except to kill them.

Brings Water and her father quarreled over his decision, and she pulled her knife and cut herself across the arms and ribs. In a minute she was bleeding in about forty places. She threatened to kill herself if Spotted Tail did not change his mind. He relented and promised she could go along whenever he went to see the whites.

After about a five-year absence, Brings Water returned to Fort Laramie

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in 1864. She was sixteen. The Civil War had brought "Galvanized Yankees"—captured Confederates who chose to serve at western posts rather than be incarcerated—to Fort Laramie. Those officers sought Brings Water's company. In true Victorian fashion, they described her face as a perfect oval illuminated by black, flashing eyes. She had a small, straight nose; finely formed lips; and white, flawless teeth. They further described her as intelligent, graceful, pure, reserved, proud, and dignified.

Obviously, she had become a beautiful woman. She had discarded her boyish buckskins, and on her visits to the fort she wore a blue, cloth dress, beaded leggings and mocassins, and turqoise and shell jewelry. Those who had seen her only in buckskins did not recognize her.

Brings Water announced she would marry only a "captain," her term for any officer with shoulder straps. She told the Indians they were fools for not living in houses and making peace with the whites.

Brings Water often sat alone on a bench at the post sutler's store and voraciously took in the sights of the fort. She was especially fond of watching guardmount, and Major Wood—the commanding officer at the time—had the officer of the day wear an $18 red silk sash, ostrich plumes, and about $200 worth of other regalia.

Perhaps there is an element of truth in all those stories. At any rate, Brings Water's father took her away within weeks after Major Wood became commandant. She became withdrawn. She had always brought gaiety into camp,

but now she was wasting away and refused to eat.

About a year later, Spotted Tail tried to bring his daughter out of her melancholy by telling her of the runners who had come to invite them to a great conference at Fort Laramie in June. She told him that she wanted to go but it would be too late.

Allison stiffened with alarm, as he thought the lone rider was an Indian waving a blanket. But then he realized it was a woman mounted side-saddle and wearing a dark green, old-fashioned riding habit. Her quirt glinted in the sun.

Inevitably, Brings Water fell in love. Just who was the object of her affections is a matter of speculation. Some say she dressed herself with scrupulous care and day after day arrived at the fort to sit on the doorstep of the lieutenant's house, waiting for him to come out. Then she would submissively follow him. The lieutenant is supposed to have honorably told Brings Water that he could not marry her because she would not be accepted by his people. According to another tale, she was deeply infatuated with a cavalry officer who died fighting the Sioux. Other versions claim she was engaged to an officer and her father refused her permission to marry.

In February 1866 Brings Water told Spotted Tail that she wanted to see the commandant at Fort Laramie before she died. She asked her father to make peace, for the whites were stronger than the Brules and she wished to be buried at the fort.

By then, Colonel Henry Maynadier had become commander of the Platte district out of Fort Laramie. Maynadier had met Brings Water and Spotted Tail about five years before. When he heard about her impending demise, he admitted to being deeply affected. To her request to be buried at the fort, he replied, "Let them come. Look at the flag. You see a red stripe and a white stripe side by side, and they do not interfere with one another. So the red man and the white may live in this country in harmony." That was the start of a peace that Spotted Tail never broke.

Brings Water died on the way to the fort. Her body was wrapped in deerskin and suspended between a pair of white ponies.

Maynadier ordered the post carpenters to erect a scaffold so that she could be buried in the Indian way, as Spotted Tail had requested. To help her on her journey into the nightland, Brings Water's favorite white ponies were slaughtered and their heads nailed to the north posts and their tails to the south posts. Barrels of water were placed under each pony's head for them to drink on the journey.

The coffin was covered with red flannel, and the soldiers and Indians alike filled it with tokens to help her on the way. Maynadier put in a fine pair of white kid gauntlets to keep her hands warm, and he gave money so she could buy what she needed. Others gave mocassins, cloth, beads, a mirror, an embroidered pine cone, and an Episcopal prayer book presented to her by General Harney at Fort Leavenworth. At last the coffin was sealed and raised onto the scaffold.

As the post chaplain read a prayer and the howitzer fired three salutes, a storm began and the sky grew dark. The north wind brought sleet.

Brings Water's spirit never left Fort Laramie. When the north wind blows on dark nights, she rides one of her white ponies and leads the other. Their hooves crunch the gravel as they pass the sutler's store on the way to the officers' quarters. There Brings Water calls and waits for an answer.

From the officers' quarters comes the shadow of a brave lieutenant, who the Indians say was killed many years ago. Young and gay, he is resplendent in his dress uniform. He smiles at her as he mounts the white pony she leads. Her face lights with joy and love. The horses prance, but their hooves make no sound, for they are climbing above the trees and into the sky beyond.

Fort Laramie is haunted by other ghosts, but none is seen so often or described in such detail as those of Brings Water or the factor's daughter.

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The Spearfish Mail

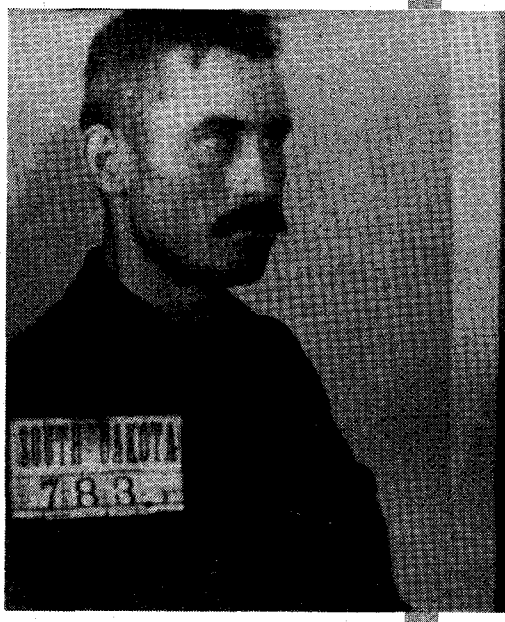
By DOUG ENGEBRETSON

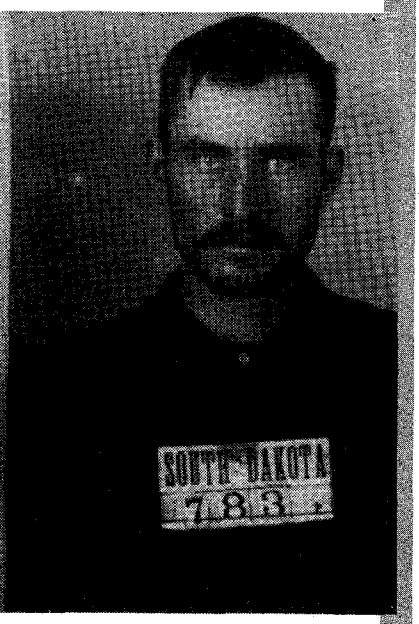
The Old West was resurrected before the eyes of Ernest Flynn the night of February 17, 1894. Flynn, the driver of the Miles City-Spearfish mail buckboard, was two miles from Spearfish, the end of his run, when he was suddenly stopped by two men. The taller of the highwaymen stood at the horses' heads with a revolver leveled at Flynn. He told Flynn that no harm would come to him if he just sat still. The second man remained silent and searched Flynn.

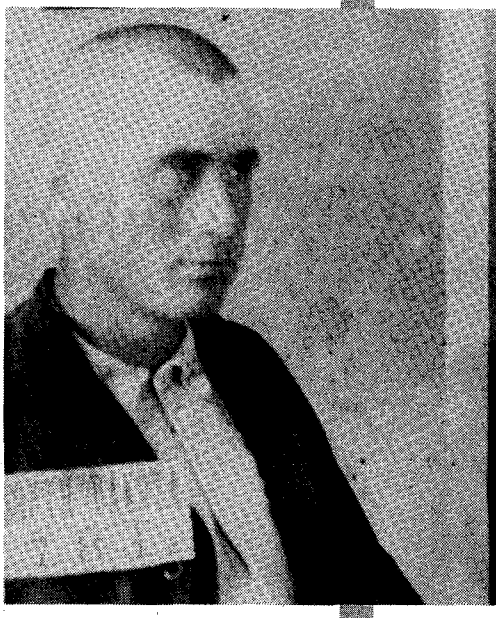
Flynn, a timorous and inoffensive man, was unarmed; his nature would not have allowed him to offer any resistance had he been armed. The silent bandit then took the mail pouch from the wagon, cut the strap, and emptied the contents in the road. He sorted through the mail, kept the "letter mail," and returned the "paper mail" to the pouch. He tossed the pouch back onto the wagon and Flynn was then instructed to drive on.

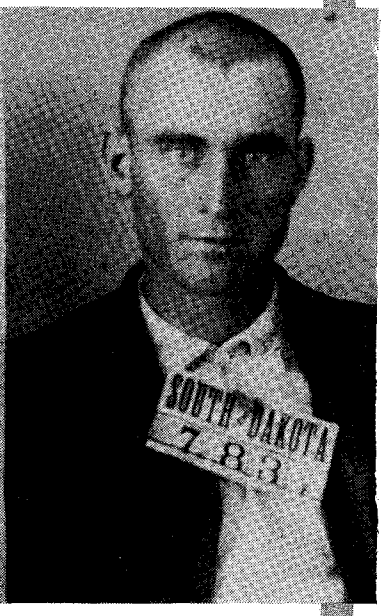
Flynn aroused the postmaster and law officers upon his arrival in Spearfish, but the bitter cold prevented any pursuit. Postal Inspector M.C. Fosnes was in Deadwood the night of the robbery and visited Spearfish the following Monday. By then a light snow had obliterated any tracks the robbers might have left; the only clue in the case was Flynn's statement that one of the robbers was "black-faced."

On February 21, 1894, Frank White, a black man, and his Mexican companion, Isadore Ynojos, were arrested in Deadwood by a deputy marshal and local officers. In addition to Flynn's evidence, the pair had been seen in Spearfish the day of the robbery. Fosnes doubted the validity of the arrest and









Photos courtesy of Russ Rogers, ID Officer, South Dakota State Penitentiary, Sioux Falls.

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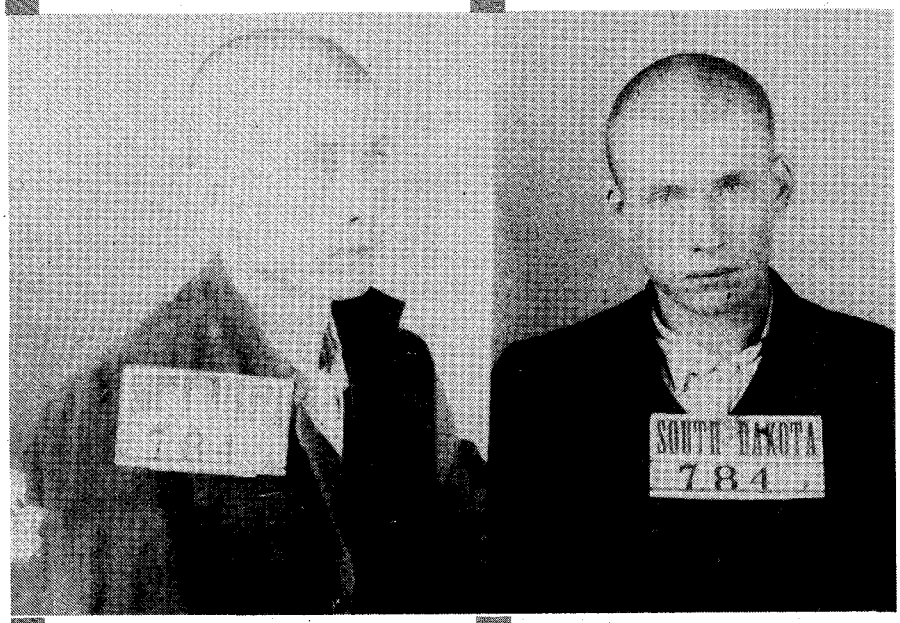
Opposite page: George Hayes, alias George Dunn, before and after his visit to the penitentiary barber. Below: Ulysses G. Pitts. Pitts apparently allowed Hayes to usurp his position as husband and head of household with little or no resistance.



To secure a lighter sentence, Hayes told Fosnes that his revolver was not loaded at the time of the robbery. Pitts, reported to be "several degrees removed from an intellectual giant," said he did not know if Hayes' gun was loaded, but he himself certainly did not take an empty gun to rob the stage.

wrote his superior, "I do not believe these are the men." The U.S. Commissioner shared Fosnes' doubt and released White. Later a grand jury failed to return an indictment against Ynojos.

A year and a half passed before Fosnes received his first good clue, a letter mailed to the "Postmaster and Sheriff of Deadwood." It was given to him on June 24, 1895. The letter, which had been mailed from Medill, Missouri, was signed "E.Z. Shannon" and contained information that only someone who had intimate knowledge of the robbery would have known. On July 1, Fosnes wrote to Shannon in an attempt to "draw him out further," but his letter received no reply. On July 19, he received another letter, mailed from Sentinel Prairie, Missouri, to the Postmaster at Spearfish. Although the Sentinel Prairie letter was "crude and obscure," Fosnes was convinced that the key to the case lay in Missouri.

Fosnes arrived in Medill on August 2 and learned that the Medill letter was not from E.Z. Shannon but from his brother, Columbus. After Fosnes promised not to reveal the source of his information unless it became absolutely necessary, Columbus Shannon told him that while he was a prisoner in the Hickory County jail at Hermitage, fellow inmate Thomas Pitts identified the guilty parties as his brother, Ulysses; his sister-in-law, Sallie; and George Hayes. Fosnes confessed that it was "the first time I ever heard of Hayes and Pitts."

Fosnes immediately began an investigation of Hayes and Pitts; it revealed:

"*Ulysses G. Pitts,* This man is 27 years of age, a native of Hickory County, Missouri, where his people are among the most respectable of the community. Ulysses appears to be a wayward son,

Stage Holdup

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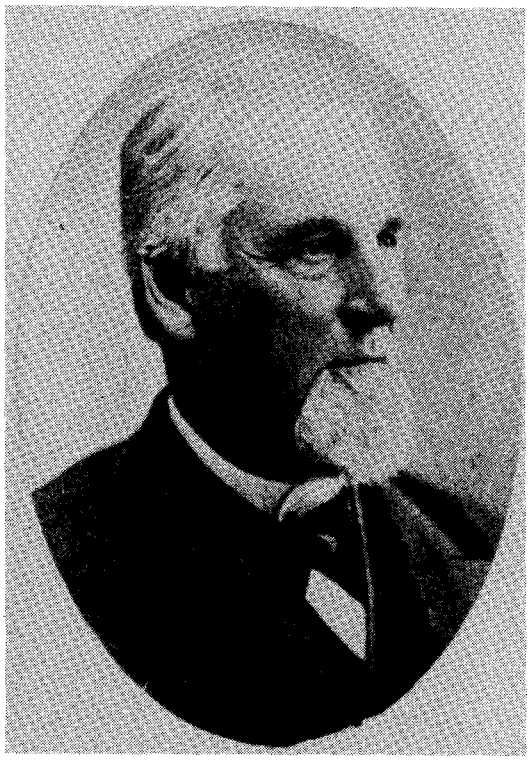

South Dakota State Historical Society

Judge Alonzo J. Edgerton.

the 'black sheep' of the family: he had undergone conviction and a light sentence for forgery, before moving to the Black Hills 3 years ago. While of physical courage, he is a man of inferior intellect and no real force of character. At the time of the robbery . . . he was residing as a tenant on a 'ranch' on the road from Miles City, Mont., to Spearfish, S. Dak., some 12 miles from the latter place, with his family consisting of wife, Sallie C., and their one child, a boy, now 4 years old. And with them, as a boarder, was staying the other man,

"*George Dunn*, as he was known there, but who now claims George R. Hayes to be his true name. He gives his age as 24 years, but looks older than Pitts. Not very much is certainly known concerning Hayes. He says that his father, John A., lives near Maxwell, Neb. He told the Pittses that he had changed his name and was a fugitive on account of a murder which he had committed, and he also told them of holding up and robbing a man somewhere with one-armed confederate named Lew Hundells or Hunnels. Hayes is a[n] illiterate man, but by natural intelligence, and physically as well, the superior of Pitts.

"To show relative calibre of the two men and the moral tone upon the ranch, it appears from the concurrent statements of all three parties concerned, made to me and others, that Hayes usurped the husband's place in the household, with the full knowledge of Pitts, who offered but perfunctory or at least ineffective protests."

District court was in session at Springfield, Missouri, and Fosnes was able to extradite Hayes and Pitts quickly. On the way back from Missouri they made a pact never to "squeal" on each other, should they be "strung up by the thumbs or anything else." Fosnes knew that Pitts was the weaker of the two and concentrated on obtaining a confession from him first. The day after their arrival in Sioux Falls, Pitts confessed with the approval of his attorney. Hayes lamented Pitts' weakness and followed suit the next day. Fosnes reported that "it may not be doubted that Hayes would have kept his pledge" had Pitts not confessed.

In their final confessions Ulysses and Sallie Pitts claimed Hayes conceived and proposed the robbery, while Hayes said it was the brainchild of Mrs. Pitts. Hayes told Fosnes that one night, "impatient at their faltering, she donned his trousers . . . and sallied forth upon the road with the declared intention of herself holding up the stage." Humiliated, the men soon did as she desired.

A year and a half passed before Fosnes received his first good clue, a letter mailed to the "Postmaster and Sheriff of Deadwood." The letter contained information that only someone who had intimate knowledge of the robbery would know.

Fosnes noted that whoever originated the plan, "and doubtless it was Hayes," the robbery was well planned and executed. Both men agreed that before nightfall the day of the robbery they had ridden ten miles away from their home and tied up their horses. They daubed their faces with shoeblacking and waited for the mail buckboard.

In an effort to secure a lighter sentence, Hayes told Fosnes that his revolver was not loaded at the time of the robbery. Pitts, the man the Sioux Falls *Argus Leader* reported to be "several degrees removed from an intellectual giant," said he did not know if Hayes' gun was loaded, but he himself certainly did not take an empty gun to rob the stage. Pitts' statement circumvented Hayes' attempt to be prosecuted on a lesser charge. It was a joint crime, so they were equally guilty, even if only one had a loaded gun.

Hayes knew that Fosnes wanted to prosecute him for endangering Flynn's life, which would carry a mandatory life sentence upon conviction. Fosnes reported to his superior, "under all circumstances, I felt justified in consenting to the minimum penalty for Pitts . . . which was imposed. As to Hayes . . . I asked his conviction under the greater clause of the section."

Although Fosnes wrote, "I do not see why the penalty prescribed by the statute should not have been applied to the leader of these two highwaymen," the district attorney did not feel he could secure a conviction on the greater charge and accepted Hayes' plea bargaining.

On August 30, 1895, Judge A.J. Edgerton sentenced George Hayes to a term of ten years at hard labor in the South Dakota Penitentiary. When Hayes protested the length of his sentence, which was the maximum for the lesser charge, Judge Edgerton reminded him that he was originally indicted for a crime which carried a life sentence and said he was of the opinion that ten years was a short sentence.

The next day Ulysses Pitts was sentenced to a five-year term with the understanding that the district attorney would petition the President for a pardon after he served one year. The pardon was granted July 7, 1897, by President William McKinley.

George Hayes applied for a pardon which was denied by President McKinley on July 20, 1898. He was released by discharge August 30, 1902.

No charges ever were filed against Mrs. Sallie Pitts, the principal benefactor of the $60 robbery.

SOURCES

This account is based on contemporary correspondence, newspaper stories, and legal documents.

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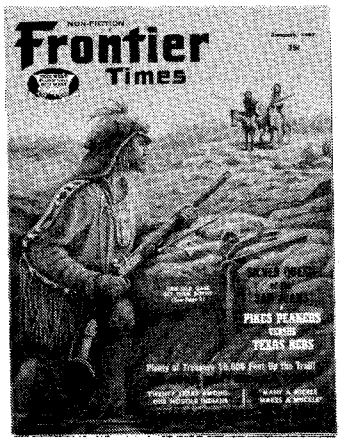

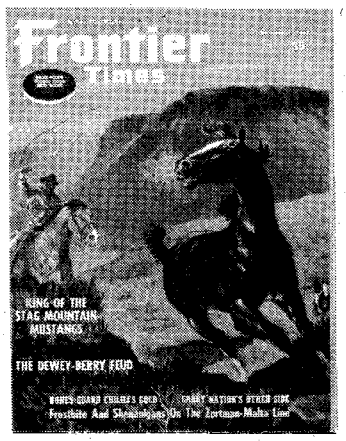

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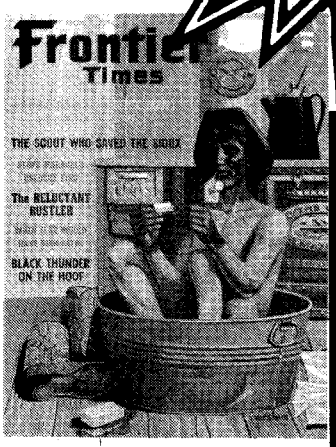

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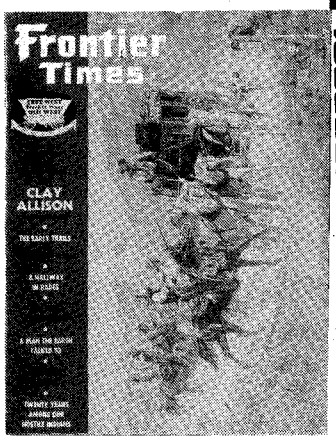

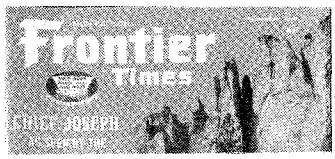

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Restless Gunman

TOM McCARTY'S OWN STORY: AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OUTLAW. *Notes by Charles Kelly, preface by Jim Dullenty. Rocky Mountain House Press, P.O. Box 858, Hamilton, MT 59840.*

"In that part of the country [near Mancos, Colorado] were men of all grades, and I soon joined in with some that longed for excitement of any kind, and having been quiet for so long a time my restlessness began to annoy me. Times now being rather dull...we thought it time to make a raid of some sort. Our plans were accordingly laid very carefully to go to a certain bank and relieve the cashier of his ready cash."

In this typical paragraph from *Tom McCarty's Own Story*, the notorious outlaw summed up his lengthy career and picaresque philosophy of life. Reared on a Mormon ranch in Utah, McCarty married Teenie Christiansen, sister of the outlaw who came to be known as Matt Warner. But family life failed to settle McCarty, and he drifted into a life of banditry, frequently in alliance with his brother Bill McCarty, Warner, and an assortment of other desperadoes.

Over the years McCarty participated in numerous bank, store, stagecoach, and train holdups, and he was active as a stock rustler. He roamed across the West, always gravitating into the company of criminals. Although McCarty sometimes assumed a low profile and lived quietly for long periods, sooner or later his "restlessness" would lead him back to the outlaw trail.

Around the turn of the century, McCarty disappeared permanently. He may have been killed in a fight in Montana's Bitterroot country, but other rumors held that he spent years as a Montana sheepherder or that he died peacefully at a relative's home in California.

About 1897 or 1898, when McCarty was in his mid-fifties, he apparently dictated "a few of my adventures," and the resulting manuscript was published in Manti, Utah, in the local newspaper. The ninety-three-page typescript has been preserved by the Utah State Historical Society. Jim Dullenty, former editor of TRUE WEST, has published the manuscript with four related letters from the society and with a few footnotes and an introduction. Dullenty printed 300 copies of the booklet in a softcover edition that is certain to be a valued collector's item among western history buffs. Perhaps some historian will use this source as the nucleus of a long overdue biography of McCarty.

McCarty's tale is told matter-of-factly and with no frills. The story is episodic, packed with details about robberies of every type, cross-country pursuits, occasional shootings, and incessant schemes for further dishonest endeavors. There are numerous particulars about outdoor life in the Old West, as well as fascinating insights into outlaw psychology. McCarty's authorship has not been authenticated, but *Tom McCarty's Own Story* has the ring of truth, and it will prove to be a welcome addition to the bookshelves of any student of western outlawry.—**Bill O'Neal, Carthage, Texas.**

A Real Spellbinder

UNDER THE TEXAS SUN: ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG COWPUNCHER. *By Anna Manns Dana. Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, TX 77843.*

Memoirs are touchy. Either they are very good or they are deadly dull and you wonder why they ever were published. This is one of the good ones. Malcolm Graham Vernon was a storyteller, a real spellbinder, and his family stored up memories of his tales. Long after his death, family gatherings would be punctuated with "Remember Papa's story about...?" Vernon's granddaughter, Anna Manns Dana, drew on those family memories, along with leather-bound diaries, letters, and family records to compile this slim (ninety-seven pages) but intriguing volume.

Under the Texas Sun chronicles Vernon's life from his early childhood, when his father was killed in the Civil War and the family moved in with an indomitable grandfather and plenty of other relatives. The Ku Klux Klan rode around Lonesome Dove in North Central Texas, and Vernon saw them once, peeking through a bush until he was sternly ordered home by a voice that sounded too familiar. And then there was the time when the Reconstruction posse burst into the house, looking for Grandpa...and when Sam Bass rode by on the road and tipped his hat ever so polite...and when cattle thieves were caught and lynched but nobody ever talked about it.

The entire family fled south, headed for Mexico to escape Reconstruction. But they ended up in Comanche County, and then a rift caused Vernon's mother, the "peacemaker Nan," to storm out and establish her own home. Shortly thereafter, Mac, as the boy was called, left home at the age of sixteen to take up cowboying.

The second section of *Under the Texas Sun* describes his years as a cowboy until, at the age of twenty-seven, he decided he needed a permanent future, with a wife and home. His decision was hastened by a fall on the head which left him dazed for several weeks. But the description of his cowboying years contains tales of stampedes, rustlers, an uppity Englishman who staged a fox hunt in West Texas, a shooting over a monte game and another over a cup of buttermilk, the man named Schultz who waited for his mail-order bride—years later, they were the most prominent couple in their small town. On paper, the stories are good enough to make you wish you'd heard them told aloud.

Too many memoirs begin with a list of the begats. This one begins with a list of disownings—it seems that Vernon's ancestors on both sides were quick to disown children who crossed them. *Under the Texas Sun* is proof that his descendants valued their family heritage more than that, enough to savor and treasure the stories. Anna Manns Dana deserves credit for weav-

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ing those stories into a highly readable narrative.—**Judy Alter, Fort Worth, Texas.**

A Noteworthy Album

THE DRUMS WOULD ROLL: A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF U.S. ARMY BANDS ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER, 1866–1900. *By Thomas C. Railsback and John P. Langellier. Sterling Publishing Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016. $14.95 clothbound.*

It is about time this subject was covered, and what a beautiful job this book does. It delivers exactly what is promised by its title.

One of the authors, Thomas Railsback, has a B.A. in music and an M.A. in American history. The other, John Langellier, has an M.A. and a PhD. in history. Both have long records of works on our military heritage. In addition, Langellier has served for over a decade as a museum director for the U.S. Army. Both are well-qualified to present the subject, and they do not fail.

Three relatively short chapters and an introduction constitute the text. There are also appendices, notes, and a bibliography. The text is succinct and certainly relevant.

The collection of eighty photographs is a welcome bit of history, and it is fortunate that it has been published for all of us to enjoy and refer to. I am distressed, however, that the publishers limited the book to only eighty photographs on the subject, when at least twice that many are known to most military historians. I would have appreciated it, too, if they had not reduced some of the pictures, for they serve as a reference for those who are interested in uniforms and instruments. The publishers could have established themselves as leaders in the preservation of our military history, but by scrimping they have lost the opportunity for the present.

The appendices are presented in two parts, one on the music, the other on instrumentation. Both offer tables of the music commonly played during the period and a study of the instruments most commonly needed. The full and comprehensive notes complement a most noteworthy bibliography which should keep those interested in the subject busy for years to come.

When the time comes for a second printing, as I am certain it must, I should hope the publisher will include even more photographs and a much-needed index. Perhaps in a second printing, the authors also could include an appendix highlighting Felix Vinatieri, Custer's bandmaster, whose trunk of unpublished music has recently been discovered.

This book is a "must have" for any frontier or military historian.—**John M. Carroll, Bryan, Texas.**

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Trails Grown Dim

Logman-Lannon

I am seeking information on my maternal grandfather, who was born John Maurice Logman on January 15, 1862, in Otis, Indiana. He left home at the age of eighteen, thinking he killed a man during a barroom fight. It was discovered later that the man was only knocked out. He went to Montana and changed his surname to Lannon.

Around Livingston, Montana, he met and married my grandmother, Bridget O'Neill. They had four children: Laura; Margaret, who died as an infant; Frances, my mother; and John D. Lannon. All are now deceased.

My grandfather had an older brother, Will or Bill Logman, who settled in Alaska and died about 1937 or 1938. I think he also had a sister, Anna Logman, who may have descendants, or perhaps is still living herself, in or near Indiana. I would appreciate any information anyone may give me about my grandfather and any of the Logmans.—**Don L. Wade, Sr., P.O. Box 294, Stanfield, OR 97875.**

Morrison

We have an unsubstantiated story that has been handed down verbally through several generations regarding the family of one George Morrison, born in Scotland in 1794 and died at Caribou River, Nova Scotia, in 1872. Apparently some members of his family made a trek to California sometime around 1855–60.

The tale is told thus: "They [the Morrisons] were an adventurous, roving clan. In fact, three of them went to California with two brothers, and I suppose the older girls were married by this time. Anyway they went by caravan. They were attacked by Indians. The brothers, Angus and Donald, were captured by the Indians, the girls apparently got away. The men expected to be killed but the chief became very ill suddenly and Donald, being a medic, treated him. They were prisoners, of course and Angus somehow got away, but Donald stayed and married the chief's daughter. They had two boys named Angus and Donald also, and they eventually were educated in San Francisco. One became a doctor and one became a lawyer. Grandma met them and said they were fine men."

I would be pleased to hear from anyone with genealogical information about this story. We have extensive stats on many members of the George Morrison family.—**Earl E. Roberts, Box 1474, Ponoka, Alberta, Canada T0C 2H0.**

Carroll

John Carroll was born in 1828 in Claiborne County, Tennessee, one of ten children born to Hugh and Anne Shelton Carroll. The family was at Fort Gibson in 1838. In McDonald County, Missouri in 1857, John married Huldah Holcomb. In 1885 in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, John was appointed U.S. marshal. He died and was buried there in 1895.

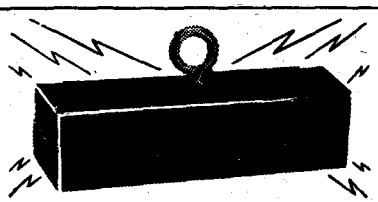
His son Frank, a law officer, died there in 1911. Attending the funeral were his mother, Huldah; his son, Marshall; sisters, Nora Culley and Mayme Shaw; and family members Mrs. Lee Carroll and John Carroll. Frank's mother sold the property there in 1920. I would appreciate any information. John Carroll was the brother of my great-grandfather, Ralph Shelton Carroll.—**Laverne Pace, 2105 Laurelee Ave., San Jose, CA 95128.**

Hyland

I would appreciate any information on a Ford Hyland, who may have been shot accidentally on a ranch around the Cheyenne, Wyoming, area, in the late 1880s or 1890s. He would have been in his early twenties at the time.—**Ed Hyland, Rural Route 2, Cuba, KS 66940.**

Dickison

I need information on my grandfather, James Dickison, who lived with his wife, Margaret, and their six children: Kate, Will, Mattie, Frank, Rose, and Emma. They lived in the China Creek and San Saba area of Texas from 1880 until 1892, when my grand-



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July 25	2nd Annual Mosquito Festival Competition, Clute, Texas
Aug. 15	4th Annual Westport Posse Shootout (S), Grandview, Mo. Contact: Gary Dunlavy (816) 761-8605
Aug. 29	Treehouse Fun Ranch Competition (S), Devore, Calif. Contact: Fran Flesher (714) 887-7056

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father was killed while trailing some stolen cattle.

Any information on the above people and the killing of my grandfather would be greatly appreciated.—**Paul W. Welch, 1339 Watts Ave, Modesto, CA 95351.**

Ray-Jordan

Moses Ray, an early Indian Trader in Kansas Territory, married Mary Ann Jordan on October 4, 1846. Her father and mother, John Jordan and Elizabeth Salts, were married June 15, 1846. Does anyone know who her grandfather, William Jordan married? The dates on the information I have seem to be in error. I will exchange information.—**John Donovan, 928 23rd Avenue, Longview, WA 98632.**

Noling Hodges

I would like to gather any information about the descendants of my grandparents, Sam and Mattie Noling. I was told that Sam apparently changed his last name from Nolan to Noling. Mattie's maiden name was Davis. They traveled on the mule wagon from Pecos, Texas, to Roswell, New Mexico. They had about twelve children.

I also need any information on the descendants of J.C. and Elizabeth Morris Hodges. They moved from somewhere in Texas to Roswell or Hagerman or Carlsbad, New Mexico. They had about eight children.—**Jean Noling Seth, 3128 Cypress Circle SW, Albuquerque, NM 87105.**

Dye

My grandfather Henry Dye was from the state of Virginia. All I ever heard from my father about my great-grandmother was that she was the daughter of a Cherokee chief in Virginia. Based on the years my father and grandfather were born, my great-grandmother's father would have been chief of the Cherokee in the 1850s. Does anyone have any information about a Cherokee chief whose daughter married a Dye?—**Dorothy Dye Montgomery, 1009 N. 27th St., Apt. 1, Boise, ID 83702.**

Pritts-Pritz

Does anyone have informaiton on Johan Peter Pritz, who emigrated from Palatinate to Port of Philadelphia on the brig John. He arrived October 19, 1736. I also would like information about his probable son, Jacob, who homesteaded a farm in Milford Township, Somerset County, Pennsylvania, and in 1821 deeded it to his son, John. The family name is now spelled p-r-i-t-t-s. I will be happy to share any information I have on the family.—**Dale Pritts, 200 East Ivanhoe, #27, Chandler, AZ 85225.**

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to above is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

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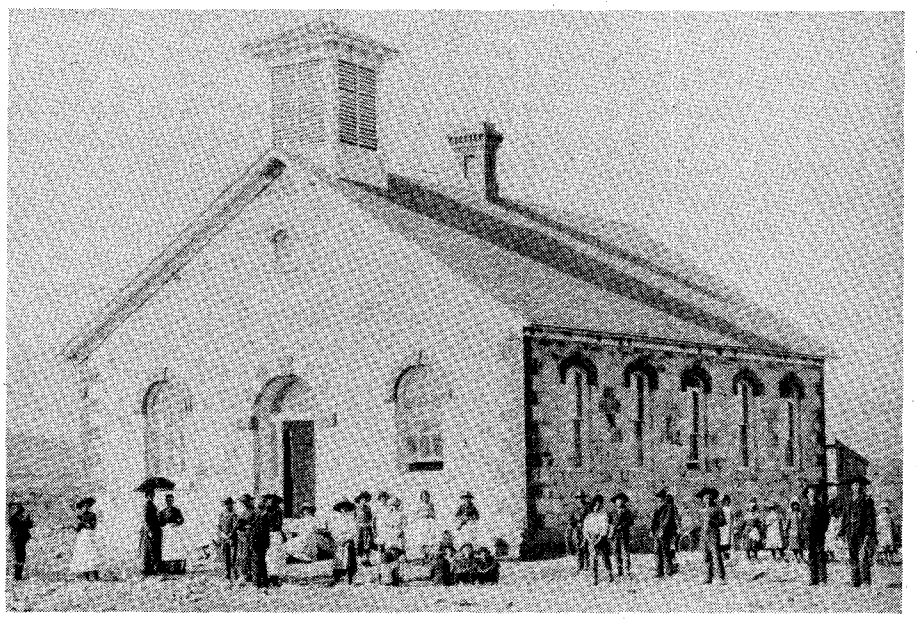


When the stone grade school at Lander Wyoming was completed in 1885, its bell had to be retrieved from reluctant Episcopalians.

By JEAN A. MATHISEN

The Great Bell

In the early towns of Wyoming, especially those with few women, building saloons often took priority over building churches. Lander, Wyoming Territory, was no exception in the 1880s. Founded as the small military post of Camp Brown in 1869, briefly christened Pushroot, and finally renamed Lander in 1875, the little community on the banks of the Popo Agie soon had seventeen saloons but no churches.

In 1880 a few members of the community decided to remedy that and form a Sunday school. At first they met at either the J.K. Moore store or in a small log building that did not prove very weatherproof—people often had to shovel out two to three feet of snow that drifted in during the winter days. On December 2, 1880, a group consisting of P.S. Quinn along with E.A. Gustin and Miss Lizzie Lamoreaux met to organize times on Friday evenings to practice singing. The meeting eventually resulted in Lander's first Sunday school. The group needed songbooks, and a collection of $17.50 was taken up to buy them. Quinn was entrusted with the money to order and pay for the books.

Perhaps the Devil got his fingers into the matter. At any rate, Quinn decided to try his hand at cards at Parker's Saloon, the recreational center of Lander Valley. He proceeded to lose every cent of the songbook money. For some time Quinn had been expecting a $5,000 draft the government owed him for surveying work he had done, and he apparently planned to repay the Sunday school with money from the draft.

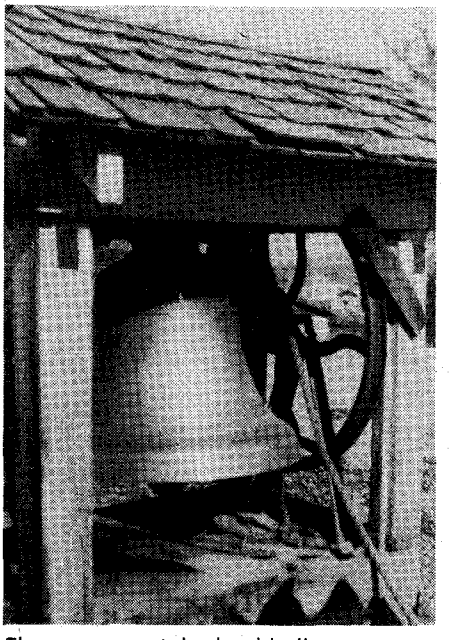
Several weeks passed and no books arrived. The other folks inquired of Mr. Quinn what possibly could have delayed the precious volumes, and he finally confessed to his misdeed. They took him to Parker's Saloon, and Parker backed his story.

The angry populace informed Quinn he would have to come up with the money to pay for the books. Using his still awaited government draft as collateral, he happily did so, adding enough to bring the total to fifty dollars.

The Sunday school folks were inspired to buy an organ and bell and decided to raise more money. Everyone in town chipped in, including saloon keepers, gamblers, and those from more shady lines of business. The bell was mounted on a stand by the somewhat leaky church and the Sunday school began to have its influence on the rough-edged settlement. Freighters just into town unhitched oxen and let them loose. They left their loads on the wagons, knowing they would not be bothered, and attended services.

The saloons shut down during church, and Jo Worthington, Pegleg Jo, barkeep at Parker's Saloon, marched out with Bible in hand and taught Bible class like a veteran.

When Quinn's government draft finally came, he paid everyone back. The bell was to be placed on the first public building built in town. In the meantime



The controversial school bell now graces the roof of Lander's Pioneer Museum.

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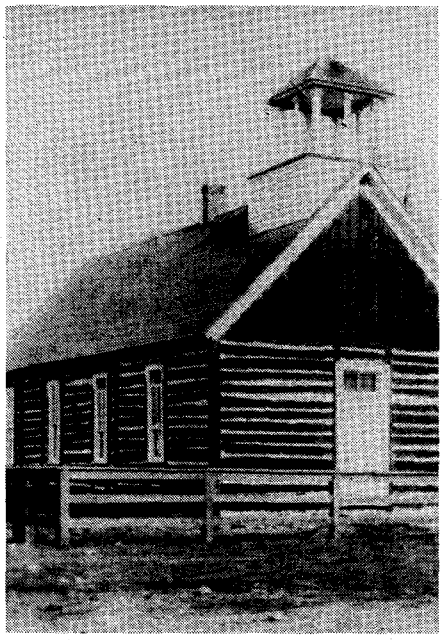

Lander's original Episcopal church as it appeared about 1885.

it was placed on the Episcopal church at Third and Garfield streets in 1883.

When the stone school was erected in 1885, a tower was built on it for the bell. By then, however, the Episcopalians objected to its removal from their church. Finally persistence—and sneakiness—prevailed. A vigilance committee including Dave Jones, Frank Sheldon, Doc "By Cripes" Curry, Joe Connett, Eugene Amoretti, Sr., and J.D. Woodruff got a wagon, removed the bell at night, and placed it on the school. At daybreak, they rang it triumphantly, panicking the local citizens, who thought it was signaling an Indian raid or a fire.

The bell remained in place for many years. When the building was abandoned as a school, the bell was given to the Pioneer Museum in Lander. There it now resides proudly on the roof, a reminder of the days when saloons and churches were closely linked in Wyoming's Lander Valley.

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The New North-West.

VOL. 7, No. 7. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, AUGUST 13, 1875. WHOLE No. 319.

LOCAL NEWS.

RE-INCARCERATED. — Deputy Sheriff Wm. Morris, of Virginia, arrived on Tuesday evening from Bozeman having in charge and committing to the Penitentiary Wm. Whiting, a convict who was pardoned by Governor Potts on condition that he should ever after abstain from intoxicating drink and gambling. Whiting behaved well for a time. Finally he assisted in organizing a minstrel troupe which went to the bad, and on its disorganization acquired an unenviable notoriety by raising orders and decamping with unpurchased horseflesh and chattel property from Missoula. Subsequently he turned up in Virginia under the somewhat unique *alias* of "Smith," and was manipulating the seductive pasteboard for currency considerations in gross violation of the agreement made and entered into with His Excellency who happened in town and concluded to close out the agreement. An order was issued for his re-arrest, but Whiting's guardian angels whispered danger and he hied away to the green fields of Gallatin where Deputy Morris followed and arrested him. In the mean time the Sheriff of Missoula sent a requisition for his arrest on the charge of larceny, but if the Governor's conditions stick that prosecution will likely be abandoned. He has 4 years and 9 months yet to serve under his old sentence, and will not go to the Centennial. Only one or two of those to whom Executive clemency was so freely extended for two or three years having proven worthy and a number of them having committed crimes and entailed expense on this and other Territories, we are glad to see the Governor has let up on that policy and is disposed to re-jug those who violate the terms of pardon.

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The Burial of Ex-President Johnson.

NEW YORK, August 2.—A Greenville (Tennessee) special says: "The remains of ex-President Johnson arrived yesterday and were taken charge of by the Masonic fraternity, who escorted them to the residence of deceased, where the body was placed in a beautiful casket and enfolded in the national flag. In his hand was placed the Constitution, thus complying with his dying request. The casket was inscribed: 'Andrew Johnson; born 1808.' Citizens of Greenville requested the honor of burying the illustrious dead, and his family unwillingly removed his remains from home. The funeral will be an imposing event. A large number of military organizations will participate. Special trains will run from New York, Cincinnati, Washington, etc., with citizens to attend the funeral. On account of the warm weather the undertakers think they will be compelled to close the casket to-day. The burial place is a high hill near town, long since selected by deceased as his last resting place."

Statistics of the Globe.

The earth is inhabited by about 1,400,000,000 inhabitants, namely: 360,000,000 of the Caucasian race; 550,000,000 of the Mongolian; 190,000,000 of the Ethiopian; 200,000,000 of the Malay race; and 1,000,000 of the American Indian. All these respectively speak 3,064 languages, and possess 1,000 different religions. The amount of deaths per annum is 33,333,333, or 91,954 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute, or one per second. This loss is more than compensated by the number of births. The average duration of life throughout the globe is 33 years. One-fourth of its population dies before the seventh year, and one-half before the seventeenth. Out of 10,000 persons only one reaches his hundredth year, only one in 500 his eightieth, and only one in 100 his sixty-fifth. Married people live longer than unmarried ones, and a tall man is likely to live longer than a short one. Until the fiftieth year women have a better chance for life than men; but beyond that period the chances are equal. Sixty-five persons out of 1,000 marry. The month of June and December are those in which marriages are most frequent. Children born in the spring are generally stronger than those born in other seasons. Births and deaths occur chiefly in the night. The number of men able to bear arms is but one-eighth of the population. The population of the United States is now over 40,000,000, of which one-eighth are negroes, with 20,000 Indians, and three times as many Chinese. —*Danbury News.*

Mark Twain's Last Lament.

Mark Twain, in the August *Atlantic*, mourns over the diminished length of the Mississippi, in this strain: The Mississippi between Cairo and New Orleans was 1,215 miles long 176 years ago. It was 1,180 after the cut-off of 1722. It was 1,040 after the American Bend cut-off (some 16 or 17 years age.) It has lost 67 miles since. Consequently its length is only 973 miles at present.

In the space of 176 years the Lower Mississippi has shortened itself 242 miles. That is an average of a trifle over one mile and a third per year. Therefore, any calm person, who is not blind or idiotic, can see that in the Old Oolitic Silurian period, just a million years ago next November, the Lower Mississippi river was upwards of 1,300,000 miles long, and stuck out over the Gulf of Mexico like a fishing-rod. And by the same token any person can see that 742 years from now the Lower Mississippi will be only a mile and three-quarters long, and Cairo and New Orleans will have joined their streets together, and be plodding comfortably along under a single Mayor and a mutual Board of Aldermen. There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesale returns of conjecture out of such a trifling investment of fact.

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BLIGHTED GENIUS.

How the Aspirations of an Iowa Composer Were Crushed.

From the Burlington Hawk Eye.

He was a quiet, indifferent, even a bashful young man, and, although yesterday afternoon was hot, and we were busy as a book agent trying to get into heaven, his respectful, apologetic manner disarmed our wrath, and drove the storm-cloud that was gathering on our alabaster brow. We paused right in the midst of a deathless sentiment, and cooled the glow of genius that was upon us (we were writing a puff of Mrs. Soothlow's Windling Syrup), and asked the young man in, and begged him to sit down. He obeyed, and planted the end of his backbone on the extreme edge of a chair that we felt nervous lest the scanty grip he had on his seat should lose its hold and dash him prostrate to the matting. We saw by the way he came into the room that he had never entered an editorial sanctum before, because he knocked at the door, and took off his hat when he came in, and said, "Good afternoon sir," instead of kicking the door open, spitting on the stove, and yelling, "Hello, stealin' editorials, hay?" at the top of his lungs. We mentally blessed the young man for his innocence, and even relaxed from our professional dignity sufficiently to assure him that it was extremely warm, an act of gracious condescension on our part which overwhelmed the young man with grateful confusion, and he blushed and stammered out that "it was, indeed, very chilly, ur—ah—haw—yes, yes, quite so, thank you." And we frowned him into silence, or he would be plodding through the mazes of that snarl yet.

Then we glanced ominously at a roll of manuscript under his arm, and in those bland, patronizing tones we are prone to assume with aspiring young authors prior to tearing out their lungs with a nail grab, and rending their quivering bodies limb from limb, we asked, inquiringly, what we could do for him, and stealthily reached for the nail grab.

He said, while his tender face was suffused with blushes, that he had nothing that we could publish—we pushed the nail grab back to its place—but he had come to ask our kind advice. He was a musician; a vocalist, and in an humble way a composer. He had written a ballad, only a simple little thing, but before sending it to a music house for publication he thought he would let us hear it, as we were so accustomed to dramatic and musical criticism, and then we would frankly tell him our opinion of his abilities, and what we thought of his prospects for the lyric stage.

We were charmed, the idea of having a local musical protege to bolster up, and puff, and write, and lie about, made us break out with smiles like a fat baby with prickly heat. We promised to deal candidly with him and asked him if he had his music with him.

Yes, he had; he thought that perhaps—if it wasn't inconvenient—that is, if—if—

Oh yes, we said, we would be delighted. We would lock the door so that no one could disturb us, and he could sing a few bars, or a stanza or two, just to give us an idea of his skill and style in composition and execution.

Then the timid young man took his position in the farther corner of the room and began to unroll his manuscript.

"You will understand," he said, apologetically, "that although the music is quite complete and arranged, yet the words need a little final polishing and revision. You see," he explained, "I write poetry a little, and have written the words, as well as the music to this, my maiden ballad. I am aware that it is far from perfect, and in your criticism please remember that it is my first effort."

We smiled encouragingly, and he put his left hand in the breast of his vest, held his music at arms length in his right hand, laid his head a little to one side and began in a very altitudinous voice.

"Dar——"

"Hem," he said, in some confusion, "that was a little high."

He was right. It was about 120 degrees in the shade. We are no judge of the human voice, else. He started again.

"Darl—oh no, that isn't it, either—Dar—oh yes, now I have it."

And away he went, in a rich some-kind-of-a tone.

"Darling I am growing oh-hold!
Silv——"

And then we rose up and made for that young man *en masse*. We twined our brawny hands in his golden locks and dragged him down to the press-room, and had the boys run him through the double-cylinder press till they had worked off an edition of three thousand of him, and then we dashed his gory carcass, a flattened, chaotic aggregation of rags and ruin, out on the sidewalk, where the heedless feet of busy men would trample it into the dust of the earth.

Send us another original vocalist and composer.

Dogs Going Over Niagara Alive.

In November, 1836, a troublesome female bull terrier was put in a coffee sack by a couple of men who had determined to get rid of her, and thrown off from the middle of Goat Island bridge. The following spring she was found alive and well about sixty rods below the ferry, having lived through the winter on a dead cow that was thrown over the bank the previous fall. In 1858 another dog, a mate of the same breed, was thrown into the rapids, also near the middle of the bridge. In less than an hour he came up the ferry stairs very wet and not all gay. The reason why the animals are not killed is that the water pours down so rapidly and in such quantities that the water below, so to speak, cannot run off fast enough, and it piles up in large water cones, which are constantly forming and breaking. If any strong animal should fall on one of these cones, as upon a soft cushion, it might slide softly into the current below. The dogs were doubtless fortunate enough to fall this way, aided, also, by the repulsion of the rocks in the swift channel through which they passed. It is not impossible that some strong man, in a light, strong boat, may thus, at some future time, go over the Horseshoe Fall and not be killed.—*Niagara Falls Register.*

POETRY.

SUMMER.

The blue-bells peep from the sides of the crag
And nod at the ripples upon the bay;
While the fern-leaves sway with slow, mystic grace,
Touched by the breaths of a sweet far-away.

Dreamily slow glide the dim, distant ships
As the soft wind fondles the sails and spars;
And the artist is carried up to his God
Beyond the far clouds and their golden bars!

O'er the silvery ripples, behind the shore,
Lie snug, sunny hamlets; beyond, the hills
With their sloping farms and nestling homes,
And sinuous river and busy mills!

The rough farmer shoulders his scythe and sings—
Sings from his soul—like the birds; while his wife
By the tumble-down bars, hums a quieter tune,
And murmurs of home, love, husband and life!

Down in the meadows are sweeping the herds,
Cropping the daisies and switching the flies;
Standing breast deep in the shallows at noon,
When the flushed sun waits in the heated skies!

The laden wagons come heavily up
With the gathered golden-seas of the farm,
While the swallows twitter around their nests,
And the children romp on the mow in the barn!

The last sheaf is pinioned upon the stack,
And lazily sinks the round, red sun;
While up to the milking saunter the cows,
And dusk falls over the summer that's done.

I thought this was a fitting poem, this being our August issue of TRUE WEST. Special thanks goes to Bill Tully of Dallas, Texas, for sending us his copy of The New North West. *I particularly enjoyed the humorous way that they handled the "Local News" and the other tongue-in-cheek articles that we found in this 1875 issue.*

Remember, if you have any interesting items from the 19th century west that we could use in Western Archive, help us share them with our readers. Send your submissions to:

Randy Clausen
205 W. 7th Ave., Suite 202
Stillwater, Oklahoma 74074

Each submission will be handled with the utmost care and be returned to you upon request. Be sure and include your name, address and phone number so we can let you know in which issue your material will appear.

Until next month, good luck digging in your attics and I'll look forward to hearing from you.

Randy Clausen, Publisher

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TRUE WEST AD SCHEDULE

AD DEADLINE	ISSUE DATE	ON NEWSSTAND
July 9	Oct. 1987	Sep. 1 - Oct. 1
Aug. 9	Nov. 1987	Oct. 1 - Nov. 1
Sep. 9	Dec. 1987	Nov. 1 - Dec. 1
Oct. 9	Jan. 1988	Dec. 1 - Jan. 1
Nov. 9	Feb. 1988	Jan. 1 - Feb. 1
Dec. 9	Mar. 1988	Feb. 1 - Mar. 1
Jan. 9	Apr. 1988	Mar. 1 - Apr. 1
Feb. 9	May 1988	Apr. 1 - May 1
Mar. 9	June 1988	May 1 - June 1
Apr. 9	July 1988	June 1 - July 1
May 9	Aug. 1988	July 1 - Aug. 1
June 9	Sept. 1988	Aug. 1 - Sep. 1

For more information about advertising in TRUE WEST, both display and classified, write Steve Gragert, Advertising Manager, P. O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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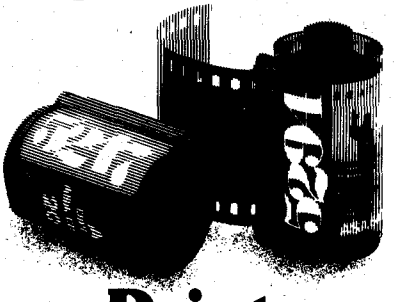
35mm Color



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In the great tradition of the frontier merchant, Western Outpost offers quality products at below market prices with old-fashioned, honest service. If you are not satisfied with the quality or size of any item you purchase through Western Outpost, you may return it for a refund, less shipping/handling, within fifteen days of receipt. We are proud that many of our products are handcrafted. Because of their one-of-a-kind uniqueness, we are unable to fill orders for specific colors and designs.

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C Leather Belts

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E Pistol Belts

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SPECIAL $15.95
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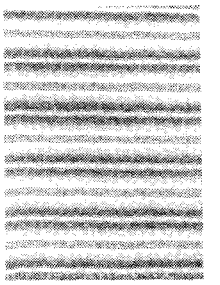

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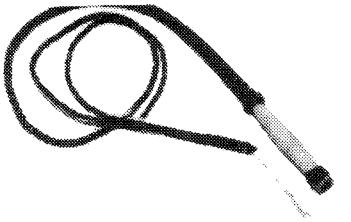

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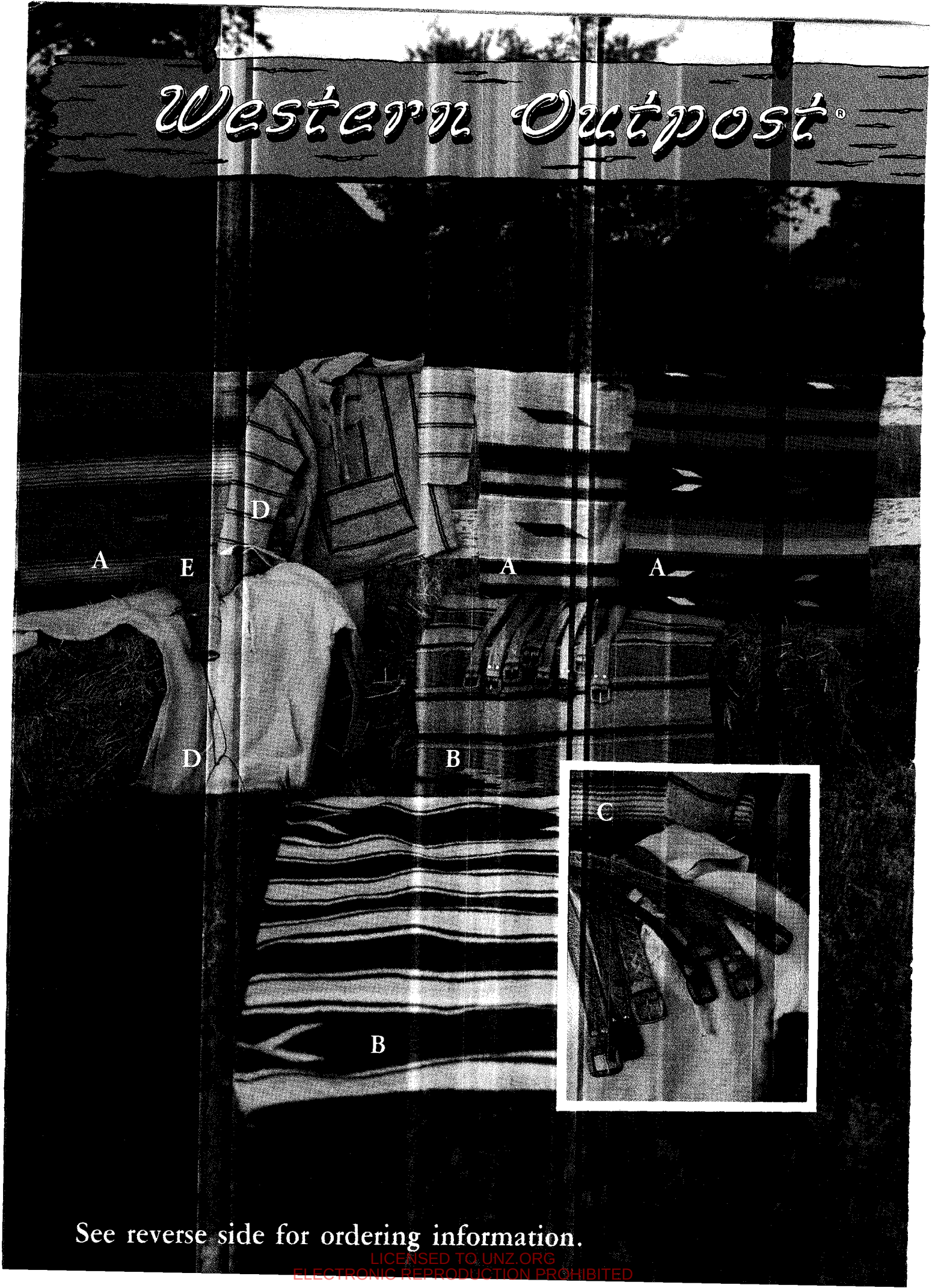

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